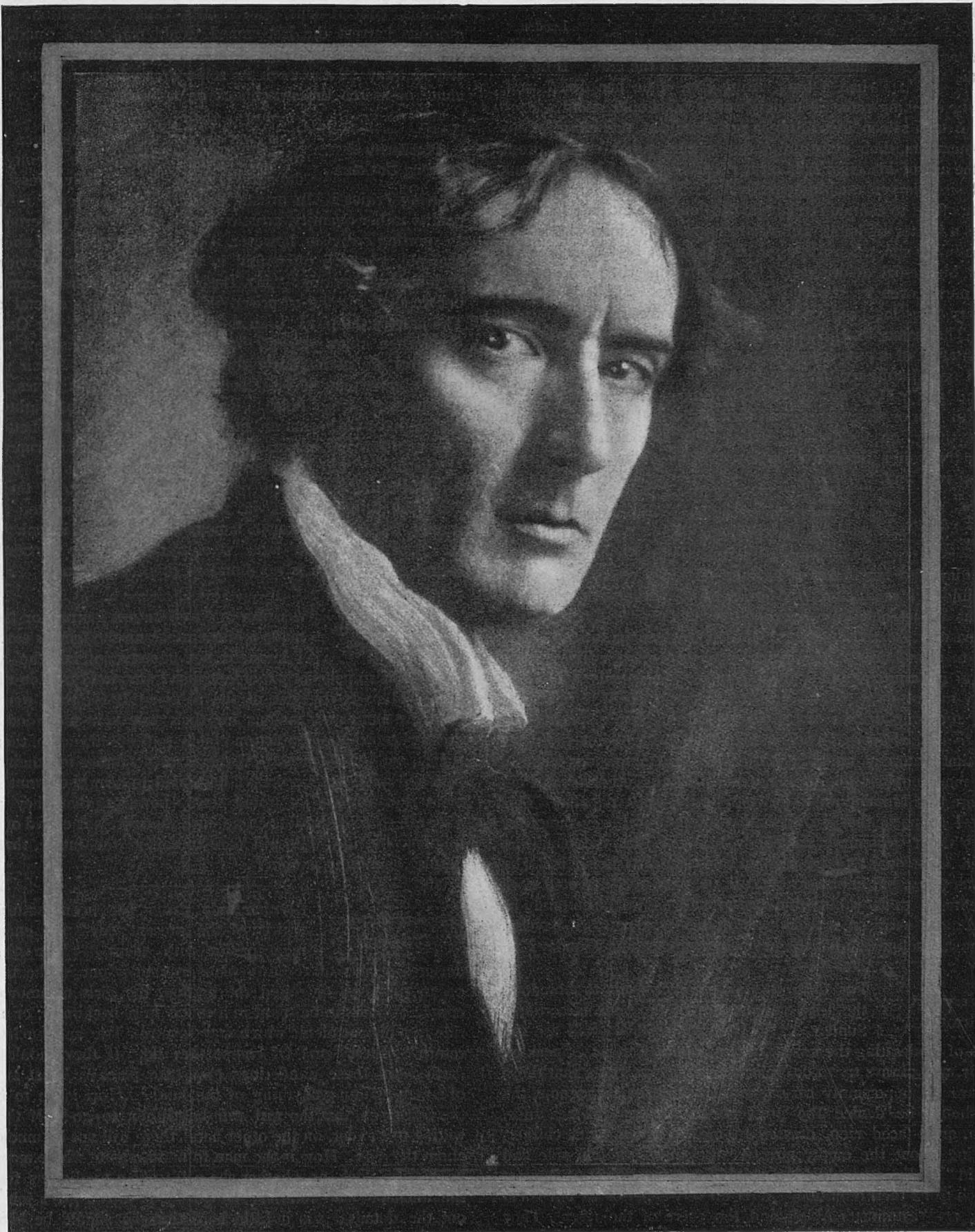


The Sketch

No. 738.—Vol. LVII.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 20, 1907.

SIXPENCE.



WORTHY FOLLOWER OF HIS FATHER: MR. H. B. IRVING, WHO BEGINS AN ELEVEN WEEKS' TOUR
ON MONDAY.

Mr. Irving opens at His Majesty's, Aberdeen, with "The Lyons Mail."—His répertoire also includes "The Bells" and "Charles I."

Photograph by Caffyn.



**On Falling Asleep
in the Club.**

London.
The man who is determined to succeed in life should never fall asleep in the club. If he has had a long, tiring day, if he has dined well, and if the smoking-room is unduly warm, he should avoid a deep chair. A man asleep in a club is completely at the mercy of his fellow-members, their guests, and the waiters. His mouth drops open, the ash of his cigar falls on his waistcoat, and his boots look several sizes larger than they really are. There are very few men who can afford to abandon in public the defensive attitude that they wear, as a matter of habit, whilst conscious. The man who is very stout naturally sits, when awake, in the position best calculated to conceal his genial deformity. The same man, when asleep, will excite mirth even in the club hypochondriac. Similarly, a man with very long legs will keep himself, when awake, in a graceful knot. The same man, when asleep, will give a fairly faithful representation of a pine-forest after a storm. But the worst danger of all, I need hardly remind you, is that of snoring. Snore in the club, and you will never recover the respect of those who sit at meat with you or those who serve your coffee and liqueur. It is a horrible thing, on regaining consciousness, to be in doubt as to whether the waiter who is walking away with a shaky back has been pinching your arm.

My Favourite Day.

A correspondent writes to ask me which is my favourite day of the week. I have no difficulty in answering this question. My favourite day is Saturday, and has been so as long as I can remember. As a small child I loved Saturday because I had pocket-money on that day, but no lessons. As a schoolboy I loved it for much the same reason. As a Londoner I love it because the town is given over to merrymaking. Personally, I am very often working nowadays on a Saturday, but I love to hear the sounds of revelry beneath my windows, and I love to see, as I stroll through the streets, the long queues of happily expectant people outside the theatres. If a general vote were taken, I have not the least doubt that Saturday would head the poll by an enormous majority as the most popular day in the week. On the other hand, I am quite sure that Monday would prove to be the least popular. This proves, I suppose, that we all hate work, and yet we cannot be happy without working. Somebody has said that the man who invented work ought to be dug up and made to finish it. The idea is amusing, but impracticable. If the man who invented work ever ventured to show himself above ground, he would certainly be lynched quite early on a Monday morning by a party of navvies. You know, I suppose, what the navvy has to say about Monday?

A Very Old Grievance.

For those who prefer even work to boredom, the least popular day of the week is certainly Sunday. The Moderates, maybe, will see the wisdom of moderating the misery of the London Sunday. Speaking seriously, as I always try to do, it is an outrageous thing that those who have no opportunity of enjoying themselves throughout the week should be denied the privilege on Sunday. I see nice, stoutish, quiet-faced men, dressed in nice, stoutish, quiet clothes, wandering about the empty streets, "the wife" on one side and "the kid" on the other, looking vainly for some object of interest on which to fix their attention. It is all very superior to tell them to look at Westminster Abbey and the curve of the river. They have seen these things from youth up, and, to speak candidly, even the most cultivated of Londoners—from whom, I rejoice to think, I stand quite apart—never admire the curve of the river unless they come across it by accident. Well, what should the new Council do? At one o'clock on Sunday they should throw open all the

By KEBEL HOWARD

("Chicot").

"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY; GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND!"

theatres, concert-halls, and Earl's Court Exhibition. What a glorious harvest the last-named would reap on a Sunday! And would it really injure the morals of the Londoner, who has been stuffed away all the week in some dreary little shop, to shoot the chute or switch the switchback on a Sunday?

Peculiarity of Sporting Criticism.

Have you ever noted the difference in regard to "standpoint" between the literary, art, or dramatic critics of the daily press and the sporting critics? In artistic criticism, the tendency is to praise quality rather quantity, artistic success rather than material success. In sporting criticism, however, it is just the other way about. For example, you will often find in a column of book-reviews some such sentence as this: "Mr. Dash's book has little to commend it, but we shall not be surprised if it runs through several editions. The more's the pity!" In a column of notes on the Oxford and Cambridge crews you will have been reading this sort of thing: "Oxford are undoubtedly the more stylish lot. Their rowing is more correct than that of Cambridge. The Light Blues, however, are stronger at the finish. Rough water does not frighten them, and we have no hesitation in pronouncing them the better crew." The sporting critics, in short, account victory the supreme test of merit. The batsman whose custom it is to make one brilliant stroke and then get out earns, ultimately, their scorn. With the literary critics, the man who has once written a perfect sonnet, whether it becomes famous or otherwise, is unhesitatingly the superior of the man who turns out fifty successful pot-boilers. . . . There is no moral to this disquisition.

Why Some Men Dress Prettily.

A writer in a well-known journal for ladies has made a bitter attack on the female sex. This, I know, is not uncommon, but the attack in question is so peculiarly mordant that I am afraid trouble will come of it. Here is the gist of the thing: "If the truth were known, there are many men famous for their smartness and good taste in dress who owe the distinction chiefly to the influence of their wives, sisters, and sweethearts." Hitherto men famous for their "smartness and good taste in dress" have had to bear the brunt of comment themselves. It would seem, however, that they are not, after all, so contemptible as we have thought. A crowd of women-folk is to blame. Who will dare to say, in the future, that women despise femininity in men?

Another Startling Discovery.

Another lady writer has been battering the "girls of the present day" for encouraging men to flirt with them. "The girls," she declares, "make all the little plans to wander out in the moonlight on to the river or round the garden, the girls manoeuvre for a couple of hours to be spent in a canoe in a backwater, or a bicycle ride to a distant picnic which may involve a late and unchaperoned return." Bless 'em! Of course they do. If they didn't, how on earth could these wanderings ever take place? What is the use of a man planning anything of the kind? How is he to know, in the first place, that the girl will be willing to go? If the girl is willing to wander, on the other hand, there will not be much trouble about the man. How is the man to know, again, where mamma will be at ten o'clock, or whether she will make a prodigious fuss about the unchaperoned return? Obviously, it is the girl's job to map out the details; it is a little hard that she should be blamed for merely doing her duty. The article, by the way, is entitled, "The Decline of Flirtation." Oddly enough, it is printed on that page of my daily paper usually set aside for dialogues, comments, and letters to the editor. Somebody should get into trouble about this. The proper place would have been the Home News page

“HER SON,” AT THE PLAYHOUSE.



1. DOROTHY STUDIES THE FEATURES OF CRYSTAL WRIDE'S SON, MIN.

DOROTHY: My son—mine, mine !

2. DOROTHY TAKES A SILENT FAREWELL OF LITTLE MIN.

Gasgoyne, engaged to Dorothy Fairfax, confesses to some “ugly bits” in his past, and one of these materialises to Dorothy in Crystal Wrude, a singer and dancer with whom Gasgoyne lived for a time. Gasgoyne is told by Crystal that she has borne him a son, but that the infant died soon after birth. As a matter of fact, the child is alive, and Dorothy seeks it out and adopts it. The great issue of the play is into whose charge the child should be given. In the first photograph are Suzanne (Miss Emma Chambers), Dorothy Fairfax (Miss Winifred Emery), and Min (Master Bobbie Andrews); in the second, Dorothy Fairfax and Min.

Photographs by the Dover Street Studios.

“MY DARLING,” AT THE HICKS’.



1. MR. HENRY A. LYTTON AS THE HON. JACK HYLTON. 2. MR. WILL BISHOP AS SIR ARTHUR JAGG AND MR. J. F. MCARDLE AS SIR HENRY HELDON.

3. MR. J. F. MCARDLE AS SIR HENRY HELDON (DISGUISED FOR THE BALL AT THE HOTEL D'ONTTELLE).

4. MISS BERYL FABER AS SYLVAIN AND MISS MARIE STUDHOLME AS JOY BLOSSOM.

5. MISS BARBARA DEANE AS DAPHNE BELL.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.

"I ALWAYS COME BACK TO YOU."



MISS GABRIELLE RAY AS EGLÉ AND MR. WILLIE WARDE AS DES GOUTTIÈRES IN THEIR FAMOUS DUET AND DANCE IN "THE LADY DANDIES."

I always come back to you,
To you, to you.

I blow them a kiss you never miss,
Or, maybe, two,

And then I come back to you,
To you, to you.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.

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March 20, 1907.

Signature.....

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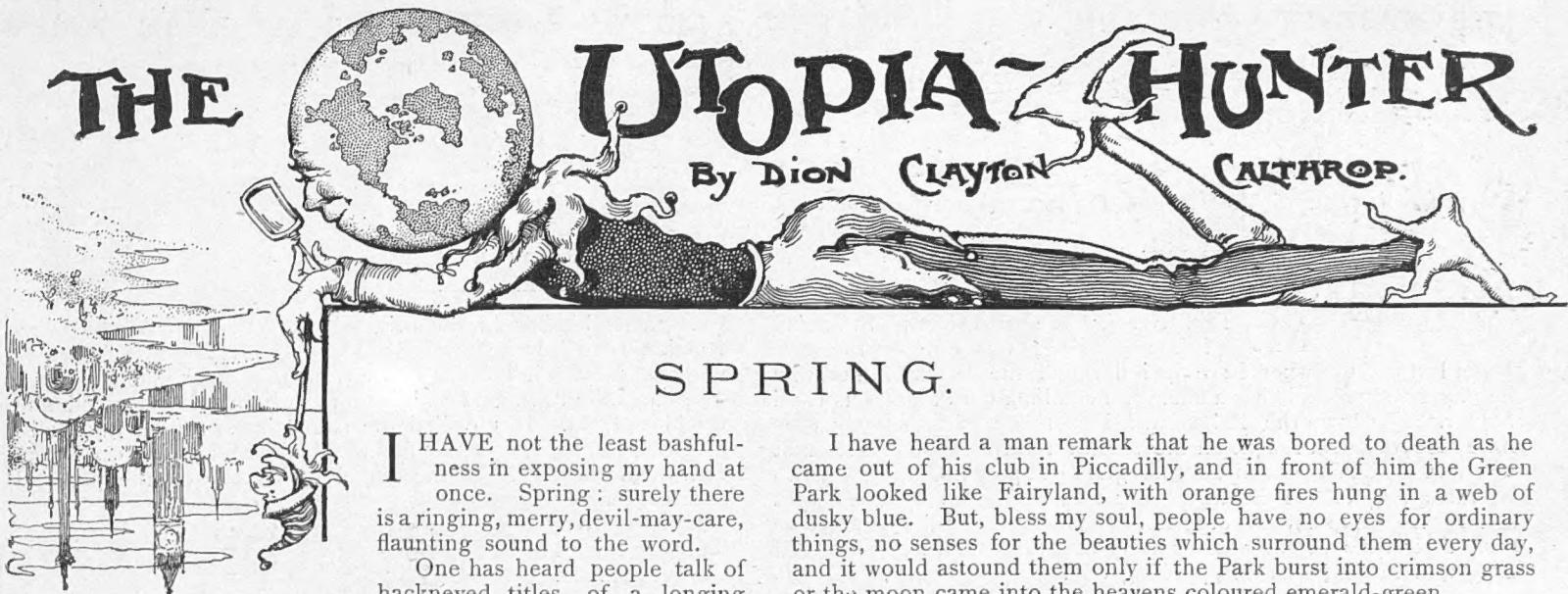
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THE

UTOPIA-HUNTER

By DION CLAYTON

CALTHROP.



SPRING.

I HAVE not the least bashfulness in exposing my hand at once. Spring: surely there is a ringing, merry, devil-may-care, flaunting sound to the word.

One has heard people talk of hackneyed titles, of a longing for something new; that is

the modern spirit, a spirit so artificial that it does not recognise that the more familiar things become, the more sacred and beautiful they are—like old clothes, old pipes, old scenes.

The eager, nervous person, with his hurry and wolfing appetite for new and vigorous sensations (such an one never drinks fine claret, or knows a good cigar), has forced spring flowers upon us in winter months—a form of vice I particularly abominate.

Let spring come with that tender tread, that shy kiss to the earth, that delicate hint of rebirth which should be to every man and woman a reminder that they are only grown-up children.

But the decadent, that loathly worm who will fill his room with dead flowers because of their pale romance, who shivers before the grandeur of Nature, he it is who has taught the vice of dyed flowers to his flock; a green carnation, poisoned daffodowlillies, form his every-day wreath.

There is not a flower that blows but it holds some great delight; there's not a spring-time comes but real

men and women are younger for March winds and April showers.

To see the flower-baskets decking the streets aglow with all the earth's finery is enough, or should be, to blow these dyers of flowers away, and bring them to their sad little tombs.

And yet, how many people understand the spring?

Thrice cursed be the humorists who dish again their weary jokes, and blessed are the most minor of minor poets who find rhymes to dove, or triplets to violets.

Oh, that awful English spring funniness!—the red nose, the cough, the sneeze, all in their turn are made to serve as bludgeons against the spring.

I have seen the springtime in many countries, but of all the kingdoms of the world give me England for spring beauties. We need them most after our winter of black skies; we feel them most because under our cloak of convention we are warm-hearted people, who love the dew-wet violets, the prim snowdrops, the gleaming eyes of aconites, the pomp of anemones.

I have heard a woman say that the day was dull as she passed a boy selling narcissi, and, believe me, every yellow eye in the flowers turned pitying glances at her.

I have heard a man remark that he was bored to death as he came out of his club in Piccadilly, and in front of him the Green Park looked like Fairyland, with orange fires hung in a web of dusky blue. But, bless my soul, people have no eyes for ordinary things, no senses for the beauties which surround them every day, and it would astound them only if the Park burst into crimson grass or the moon came into the heavens coloured emerald-green.

In London, in the spring, the air is magic. There are a hundred little sighs in the trees; birds glance suspiciously at one another; cabmen whistle from a joy they do not understand; and bus-drivers wear flowers in their buttonholes, and point with their

whips at the first crocus showing in Kensington Gardens.

Of course, say a number of superior people, we know all this, we have already given directions about our window-boxes, we are having new curtains made, we are wearing the new-fashioned spring dresses; they say this, yet they do not know they are subscribing to a general movement towards Nature-worship; nor do they realise that the quicker beating of their hearts is more than the exercise they take on ballroom floors.

With country people it is different; they remember events by the clock of the seasons. "I call to mind she died when the tulips were out." Or, "He went to sea the day Parson Bland's almond-tree blossomed." Such sentiments as these are laughed to scorn by the London funny people—it is degrading the title to

call them humorists—and there is an amount of fine scorn wasted by these conventional people that would do good duty were it turned against themselves.

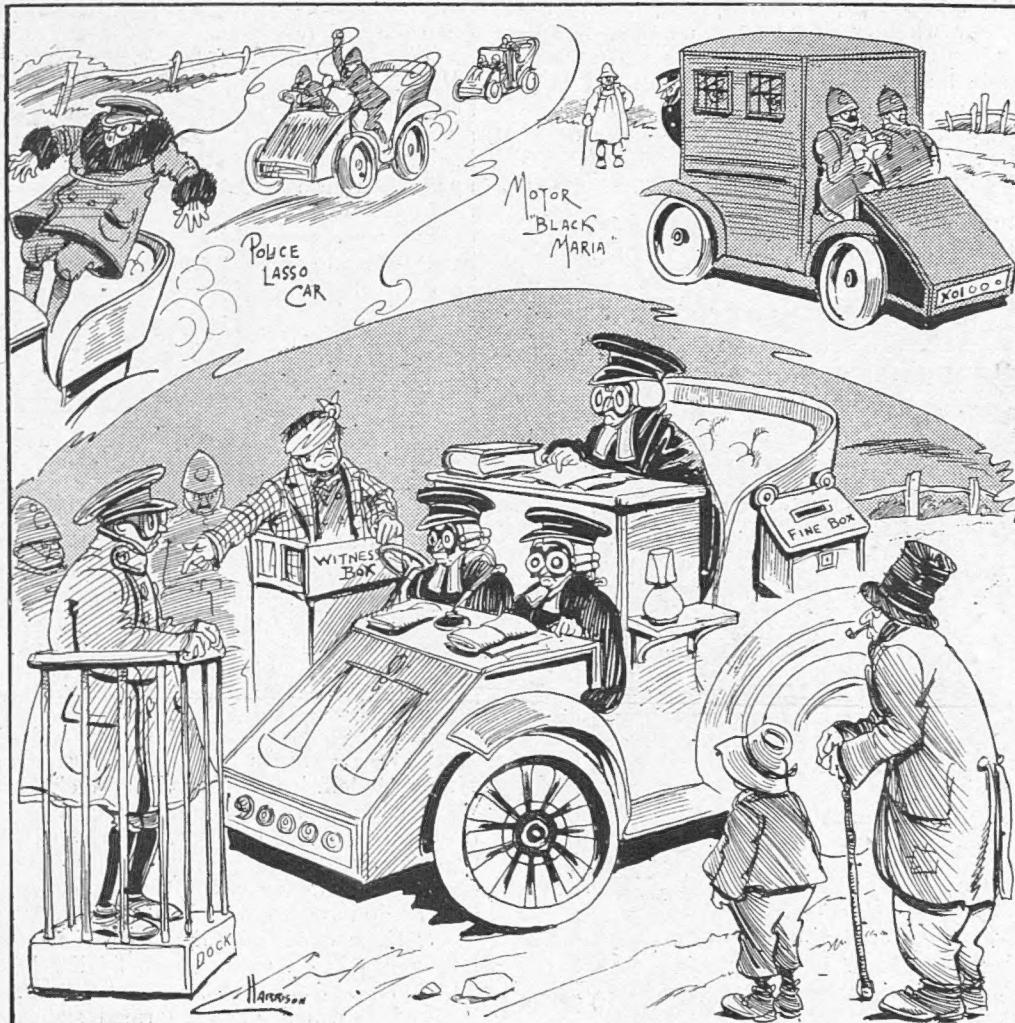
In my Utopia we should walk a mile to see a fine bed of snowdrops, and the air would be full of stories about a wonderful almond-tree. We should teach children to know the secrets of anemones before we taught them that two and two make four, or any such unprovable nonsense.

The worst of this is that it sounds unpractical, and in the eyes of Englishmen that is a sin of the worst order, and it is not easy to show how practical poetry is, and how very civilising above the civilisation of rapid transit and hard-earned, ill-digested fortunes.

The skies are blue, there is a golden carpet of crocus-flowers quite near to Piccadilly; if you want gold—go, look at them; they are worth all the money in the world.

As for those who dye spring flowers, here let them read my curse — — — !!

And that shall last longer than the fastest dye, and be more hurtful than the slowest death.



FOR THE FORTHCOMING POLICE-TRAP SEASON: A MOTOR-CAR COURT—CASES SETTLED ON THE SPOT.

DRAWN BY CHARLES HARRISON.



M. PETKOFF, the murdered Bulgarian Prime Minister, was one of the men I met last autumn when I scampered round the Balkan States, and he impressed me as being a fine, grim combination of statesman and fighter. Nearly all the Bulgarian Ministers are of this type: they have most of them fought on the side of the Russians in the great war, and as the shadow of another great campaign seems always to be thrown upon the Balkans, they may be called upon to fight again. A certain amount of grimness is also natural in men who carry their lives in their hands every day, for the list of murdered Bulgarian Ministers is an appalling one.

Sofia, with its new stucco buildings, its wonderful municipal institutions, its motor post-cars, its comfortable club, and its handsome new opera-house, is such a civilised town that it seems impossible to a tourist that murder should always be walking the streets. The ordinary visitor to the town is as safe there as though he were in Paris or London; but the quiet, grizzled Generals who come to the Union Club to read the papers, and perhaps to play a game of bridge, never know whether they will reach their houses again alive. There is always Macedonia, just over the border, seething with every horrible human passion, and some of the hell-broth of that unhappy land often spills over into Bulgaria. There are Pro-Russians in Bulgaria, and Pro-Turks, and patriots of all shades of colour, and the sword or knife or pistol frequently takes the place of argument.

I can see, as in a picture, the place where the tragedy happened. The Parliament House at Sofia is not an imposing building, but it

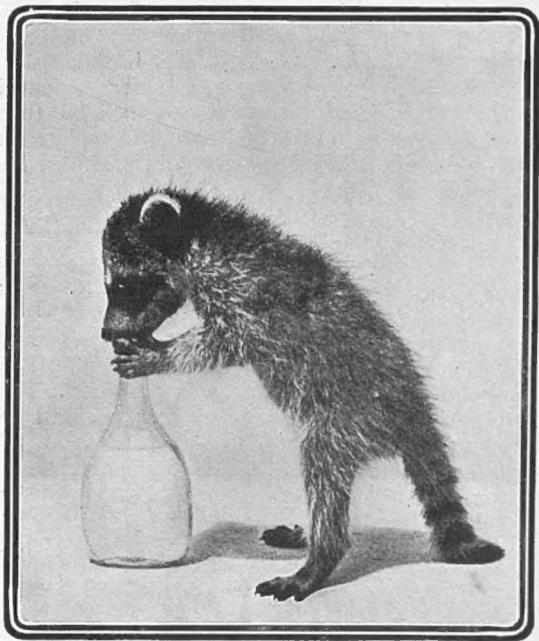
were many hitches in the original plan that a Russian Grand Duke should unveil it, and one night a great wind came down from the black mountain which overhangs the town and did what the Grand Dukes could not or would not do. It unveiled the statue by sweeping away all the hoarding round it, and the falling planks and poles carried away with them the sword of the Angel of Victory on the pedestal, a sword which was never found, though diligent search was made.

The wide road which runs past the statue is the Constantinople road, and along it for two or three miles every afternoon the society of Sofia drives. There is a milestone which serves as a turning-point, and up and down the road, in their carriages, go the bored-looking beauties of the capital, their only amusement of an afternoon being this drive. About half-a-mile out of the city, the Boris Gardens are on

the right side of the road. They form a rather ill-kept park, with a fountain and flower-beds, and all classes of the community walk there, it being the Bulgarian Hyde Park. The Ministers were strolling down the broad, dusty road to the park gates, when the murderer saw his opportunity. In an enclave in the gardens is the open-air club which the foreigners in Sofia have founded, and where they play lawn-tennis, and in winter skate, as a change from the monotony of the daily walk or drive on the Constantinople road.

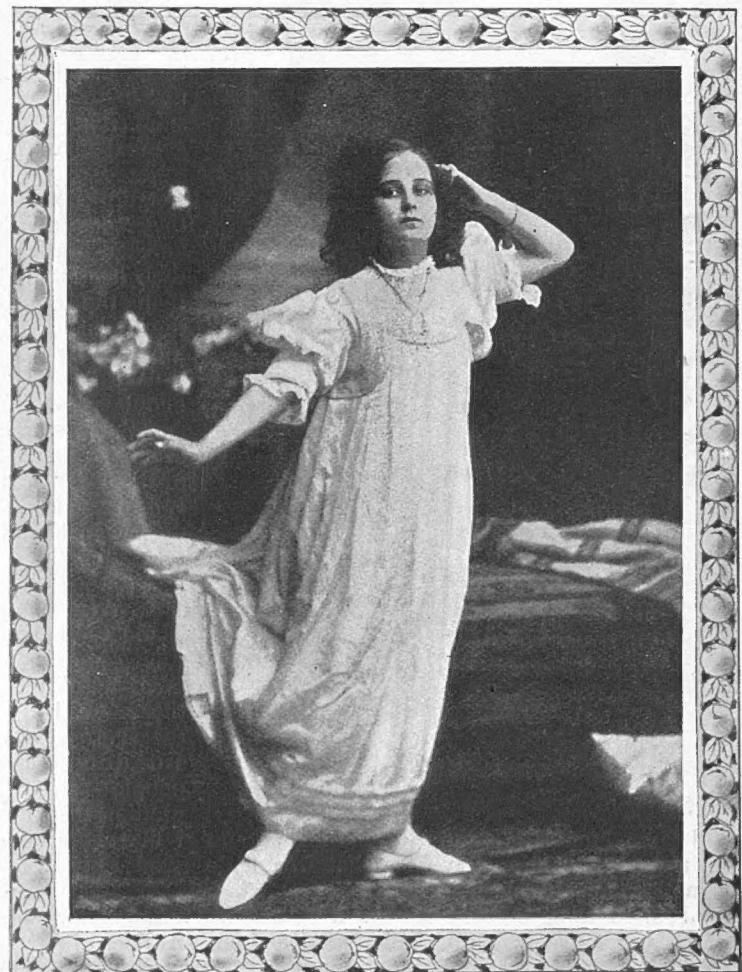
M. Petkoff had but one arm; he lost the other in one of the battles of the Shipka Pass. The assassins of his friend and leader, M. Stambuloff, knew this well, and chose an evening when Petkoff was driving with Stambuloff to attack the latter. Murder in Sofia is quite one of the fine arts, and the careful arrangements made for the murder of Stambuloff show that murderers in the Near East rarely bungle their work. Stambuloff knew that an attempt was to be made on his life, but he was so bored with living in his house under siege conditions that he insisted on going to the club. He had a coachman upon whose fidelity he could depend, and one of his friends always accompanied him. The conspirators chose a night on which the one-armed statesman was driving with the Prime Minister, and they arranged that the orderly on the box, sitting beside the coachman, should be one of their sympathisers. The orderly could not assist the murderers openly, but he did so passively. When he took his seat he managed to sit on the skirt of the coachman's coat. When the attack was made the coachman tried to turn round to assist his master, but found himself pinned to his seat. M. Petkoff, who was magnificently courageous, tried to shield his friend from the sword-cuts, but in vain. He was wounded, his one arm being badly slashed.

Everybody who returns from Paris has some story or another of the strike of electricians. The travellers arriving at the Gare-du-Nord by one of the boat trains stepped out on to a platform which had been brilliantly illuminated as the train came in, but was in total darkness as the train stopped. The most wonderful supper of the year was served at the Café de la Paix with candles in champagne-bottles put amidst the beautiful orchids which formed the table decorations. The theatres were in dreadful straits. The manager of the little Capucines solved the difficulty better than most of his rivals. He put here and there amongst the audience shaded lamps on high iron standards.



A BABY RACCOON AT DINNER.

Photograph by Boston Photo News Co.

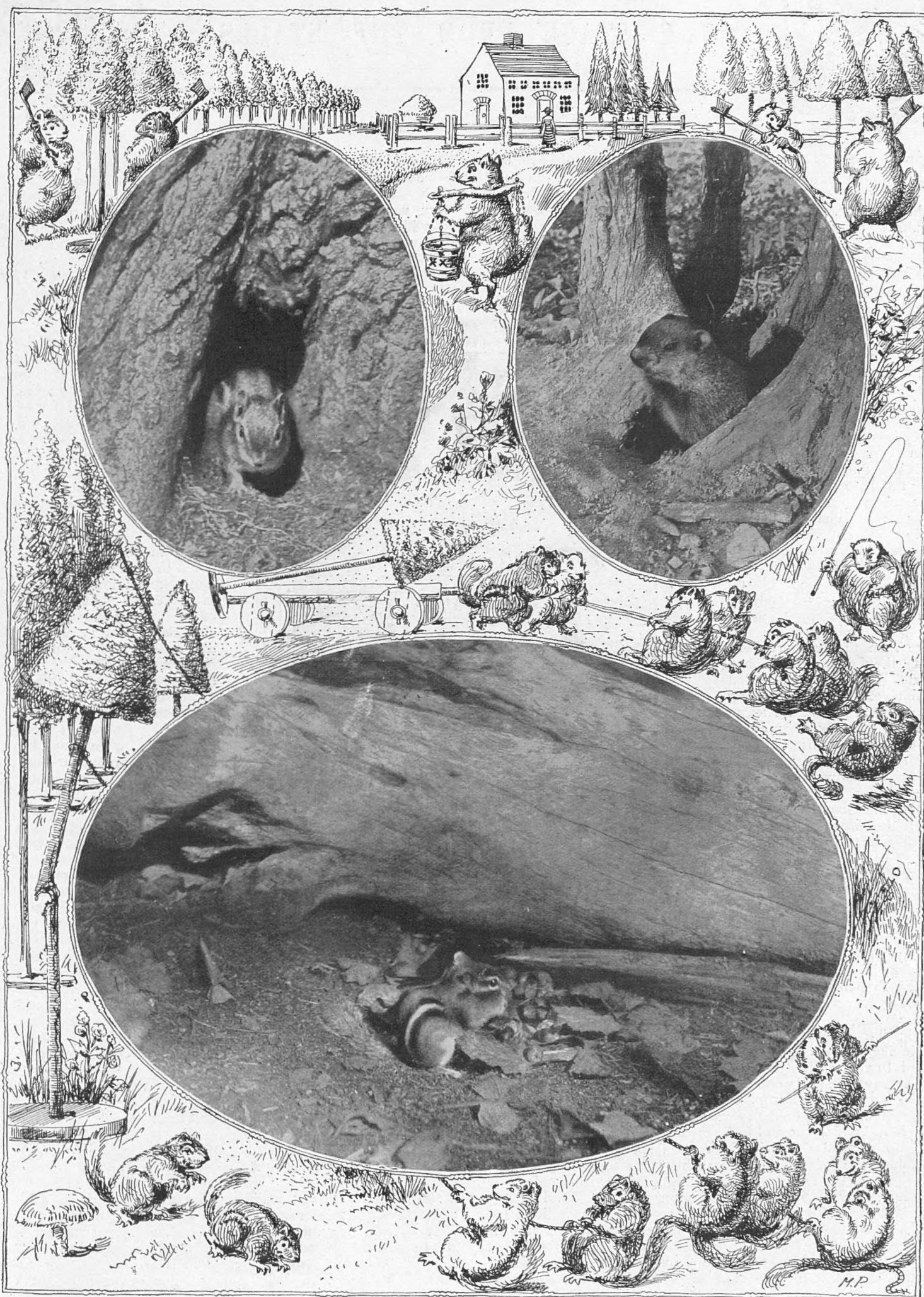


TO TEACH THE KAISER'S DAUGHTER ACTING? MISS WANDA RADFORD.

The Court gossip of a Berlin newspaper states that Miss Wanda Radford, the Australian child-actress, is to give lessons in her art to Princess Victoria Louise, only daughter of the Kaiser, in order that her Imperial Highness may be able to take a more prominent part in the private theatricals given annually at the Palace in honour of the Kaiser's birthday. It is said that the Princess's desire was fostered by a performance given by Miss Radford at which she was present.

is one of the sights that tourists are sent to see. Opposite to it, with a broad, dusty road between, is the great statue of the Liberator Tsar, a statue which has never been unveiled, for there

THE WOODCHUCK CHUCKING WOOD.

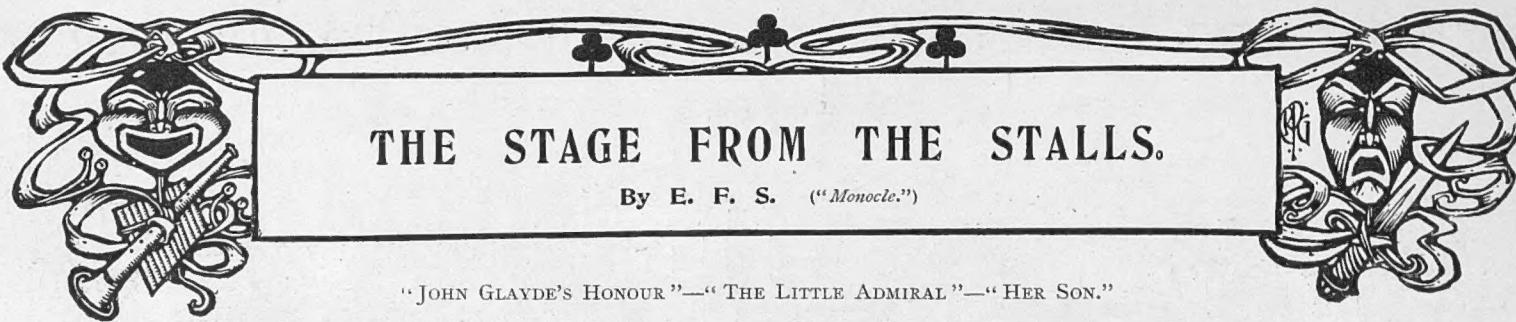


THE HERO OF THE NURSERY CONUNDRUM AT WORK.

"IF A WOODCHUCK COULD CHUCK WOOD, HOW MUCH WOOD WOULD A WOODCHUCK CHUCK?"

The woodchuck is the commonest North American species of marmot, is from 15 to 18 inches long, and is of a stout, heavy form, with brownish and greyish tints above, and a reddish brown below. It lives on vegetables, hibernates in the winter, and burrows in the ground.

Photographs by Verne Morton.



"JOHN GLAYDE'S HONOUR"—"THE LITTLE ADMIRAL"—"HER SON."

M R. SUTRO'S play caused several critics to observe that although it was a better work than "The Walls of Jericho," they thought it would be less successful. Probably they thought so because the reception on the first night was not very favourable so far as the author was concerned, though on the general rehearsal Mr. Sutro had a splendid greeting. It may be that some of the paying public objected to the ending. I notice that one critic speaks of John Glayde's conduct as mean and contemptible, and yet he only behaved as do most men nowadays when they find that their wives prefer somebody else. Duelling is dead, horsewhipping is unfashionable, and the annals of the Divorce Court show that most husbands, like John Glayde, simply bid their wives bad speed, though few promise them a divorce and also a dowry. The weakness of the piece is that the allegations concerning the hero do not lead one to expect him to act in such an ordinary way. What is the use of being an American multi-millionaire, and carrying a revolver in your hip-pocket, if you let your wife go to the devil with a handsome artist as tamely as if you were a mere nobody? Surely such titanic creatures can do more than the ordinary petitioner in the Divorce Division—or are riches so utterly futile that in such a case the financial king is merely like the South African millionaire who found nothing nobler on which to drink himself to death than the whisky within the means of his humblest clerk? At the bottom, one's complaint against "John Glayde's Honour" is that it promises the prodigious and produces the common.

Now, if Glayde had been so finely drawn that we believed in him as a genuine picture of one of the curses of America, one of the plutocratic parasites who will some day cause an upheaval in the States in comparison with which the French Revolution will seem tame, it would have been very interesting to see how he behaved; but he was curiously unconvincing. He might have belonged to any civilised race, to any class, any station, if one put aside the specific statements of fact about him. His thoughts as expressed by his language, emotion as exhibited by his acts, and feelings as displayed by his conduct suggest no particular individual or even species: he is merely a particular type of husband from the vast stage lumber-room of deceived husbands. There is no blame to Mr. Alexander; on the contrary, much praise is due to him for vigorous, skilful acting. Any attempt by clothes, make-up, manner, or accent to indicate the American would have been inconsistent with the dialogue; and the same may be said of Miss Eva Moore, also supposed to be an American. It has been alleged that she was not physically suited to the part. This is true in so far that her personality does not suggest such a woman as Mrs. Glayde, which gave some piquancy to her performance, and rendered the more effective her scene in the third act, when, by an abominable piece of Judas work, she deceived her husband and most of the audience. In fact, both she and Mr. Alexander acted admirably. The real success of the play fell to Mr. Sherbrook for very clever work in a small part that happened to be lifelike and effective. One cannot complain of a cast which

included Miss May Martyn, a charming ingénue; Miss Helen Ferrers, and Messrs. Graham Browne, Matheson Lang, and Norman Forbes, all in excellent form. Still, the public can enjoy a strong story very cleverly told, with two or three real thrills; for it is told with great skill, and nearly every scene is effective. One rarely sees a house shiver as the St. James's did when the two lovers were secretly together in the husband's office, and the visible hand of an unseen person closed the door quietly! And the audience also was thrilled by the entry of Glayde in the last act.

"The Little Admiral," at the Lyric, showed that the playgoer's appetite for sentiment is not insatiable. The lively scenes were greeted joyfully, and for a while the love passages went well; but when, just as people were beginning to think of last trains and buses and early-closing hours, a long scene of sentimental explanation began, the temper of the audience changed. No wonder. How very little good sense is shown in the theatres! Anyone ought to have guessed that Ann's long explanation came too late in the evening. Clearly there is room for a merry play of the Georgian times about our ships and sailors, and Messrs. Horace Hodges and Wigney Percyval seem the people to write it, and Mr. Lewis Waller is the man to represent the jolly young lieutenant; but one wants more character than incident, and incident than plot, and plot than sentiment; and perhaps there should be a little less noise than in the merry secondact of "The Little Admiral." Yet the fault, if any, was on the right side, and the audience roared as loudly as the players. However, cutting may do wonders, and much can be removed without structural alteration. So with a capital cast the new play may have a prosperous voyage, though it started badly. Both Mr. Lewis Waller and Miss Evelyn Millard were at their best—one need hardly say more than that; Mr. A. E. George was admirable in the name-part, and Messrs. Groves, C. M. Lowne, and Jarman played excellently.



"HER SON," AT THE PLAYHOUSE: MISS WYNNE MATTHISON AS CRYSTAL WRIDE.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

nate in the matter of trial-runs. It was tested last autumn at Glasgow, and the test led, apparently, to extensive amendment and reconstruction. In its new form it is now being tried in the Playhouse at a series of matinées based on the Vedrenne-Barker model. There is some doubt, however, whether it will get much farther, though it might make a popular success as an emotional drama of "heart interest" played on frankly melodramatic lines. As a comedy it is not very impressive, though it has a few strong scenes and two good acting-parts for leading ladies. Most of it is unadulterated sentimentality, and Mr. Vachell has not yet the knowledge of the stage or the gift of humour which can render entirely satisfactory a rather improbable story about very improbable persons. The chief feature of the afternoon is a striking study, by Miss Wynne Matthison, of a wayward actress with a hungry air and a restless soul. Miss Winifred Emery plays with her usual charm a part all virtue and tears; and Mr. Cyril Maude does as well as he can as a sentimental father, but it is not a character in which he is at his best.

WOMEN RIDING AS MEN RIDE : TEACHING LADIES TO RIDE ASTRIDE.
SCENES AT THE WANSTEAD RIDING-SCHOOL.



1. A HARD GALLOP.

2. JUMPING.

3. READY FOR THE RIDE.

4. A GOOD JUMP.

5. MOUNTING.

6. THE RIDING-ASTRIDE COSTUME.

7. MOUNTING.

As we have noted in "The Sketch" on several occasions, many ladies are riding astride, and the fashion seems to be gaining in popularity. Our photographs show scenes at a typical riding-school.

Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau.

SMALL TALK



TO MARRY COMMANDER GODFREY FAUSSETT: MISS DUDLEY WARD.

Commander Godfrey-Faussett is an Equerry-in-Ordinary to the Prince of Wales. The wedding is to take place on the eleventh of next month.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

Royal Highnesses. Miss Dudley Ward was the favourite granddaughter of the late Madame de Falbe, of Luton Hoo, wife of the Danish Minister to the Court of St. James, and a close intimate of Queen Alexandra and of the late Duchess of Teck. The marriage will take place in April, just after Easter Week, and will probably be attended by many royal personages in addition to the Prince and Princess of Wales.

Two Important Engagements. The marriage of Lord Downshire to Miss Evelyn Foster, whose family is one of the most popular and hospitable in the neighbourhood of the Royal Borough, will bring a charming addition to the small group of Marchionesses. The marriage will follow close upon the announcement of the engagement, for Miss Foster will be among the April brides. Of interest to the political, literary, and last not least, motoring worlds is the forthcoming marriage of Sir Henry Norman, M.P., and Miss Priscilla McLaren, the younger daughter of Sir Charles McLaren. Sir Henry is a man of many activities, and one of the most marked and original personalities in public life. Miss McLaren, who goes by the pretty name of Fay, is, of course, a great-niece of John Bright, and she may well claim the distinction of having been born in the Free Trade political purple. Both her father and her brother are in Parliament, and she is herself an enthusiastic though youthful politician.

Features of Mi-Carême.

Mi-Carême was brighter and better than for years past.

Carnival lives again in Paris. The old Gallic spirit is not dead, evidently. The symbolical cars were very wonderful. There was the Caruso car, with the monkey very active and very eager; there was the car illustrative of the "Métro," the Paris Twopenny Tube;

THE Prince and Princess of Wales, who so seldom grace a fashionable marriage by their attendance, are both to be present at the wedding of Commander Godfrey-Faussett and Miss Dudley Ward. Both bride and bridegroom are connected with royalty—one in an official capacity, the other by ties of hereditary friendship. Commander Godfrey-Faussett, who bears the rather unusual first name of Bryan, is Equerry to the Prince of Wales, and an old friend of both their

there was the Fat Ox, surrounded by a nice selection of poultry in fancy dress; there was the car that represented the vegetable kingdom; and a host of other features in imaginary figures, historical figures, priestly figures, military figures—any kind of figures. Napoleon, on his white horse, was immense; and behind him marched the gallant remnant of the Grand Armée, with a cannon bringing up the rear. They do not fear political allusions in popular festivals in Paris

nowadays. But the greatest success of the procession, the real *clou*, was not the smiling queen, high-perched on her beautiful car, but three *femmes cochères*, who gallantly drove their cabs. How the crowd roared, and especially at the figures attached to the cabs, representing man relegated to the position of feeding the baby! Organisers of Mi-Carême in Paris have evidently the prophetic eye.



A DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF SIR JOHN GORST AS AUTHOR: MRS. HAROLD GORST.

Mrs. Gorst is the wife of Sir John Gorst's second son. Her new novel, "The Soul of Milly Green," is to be published early next month.



THE SCENE OF THIRTY YEARS OF IRREGULAR MARRIAGES: THE CHAPEL-OF-EASE, BROWNSTON, NEAR MODBURY.

Some sensation has been caused by the discovery that the marriages celebrated in the Chapel-of-Ease at Brownston, near Modbury, for the last thirty years are irregular, the building not having been licensed for such ceremonies. Parliament is to be asked to make the marriages valid.

Photograph by Coleman.

by the lady novelist. Mrs. Gorst is the wife of that brilliant publicist, the second son of Sir John Gorst, and as those who read

their writings will understand, both husband and wife take keen and practical interest in the social problems of the day.

The Japanese Mission.

The most important of coming official events is undoubtedly the arrival next week of Prince Fushima, who has been deputed by the Emperor of Japan to return the visit made by Prince Arthur of Connaught last year. Prince Fushima was one of the heroes of the Russo-Japanese conflict, and he commanded the First Army Division at the Battle of Nansan, while his eldest son was wounded in one of the chief of the



GERMAN OFFICERS IN THE BALL-ROOM: OFFICERS OF THE INSTERBURG GARRISON DANCING A ROSE QUADRILLE AT A CHARITY FÊTE.

naval engagements. The Prince comes to this country accompanied by an important suite, and though so many people will be leaving town about the time of the Mission's arrival, the gallant Japanese Envoy is sure to receive a very cordial welcome.

⊕ ♀ OUR WONDERFUL WORLD ! ♀ ⊕



THE £8000 PAVEMENT IN FRONT OF MR. VANDERBILT'S HOUSE.

The pavement before Mr. William Vanderbilt's residence in New York City cost over £3000. The single stone immediately in front of it is the largest paving-stone in the world, and cost, including the charges for moving it, £2000.



GATHERING HONEY-WATER FROM A CACTUS.

From the maguey, a species of cactus much cultivated in the centre of Mexico, is drawn that liquid called honey-water, and generally known as pulque. The liquid is contained in the central leaves, and is extracted by suction.



THE SULTAN'S LIVING FIRE-ALARM.

Constantinople has a corps of living fire-alarms. Meh'moud Ahmed, whose portrait is here given, was appointed fire-alarm to the Sultan, for the reason that he is the fleetest runner in Stamboul.

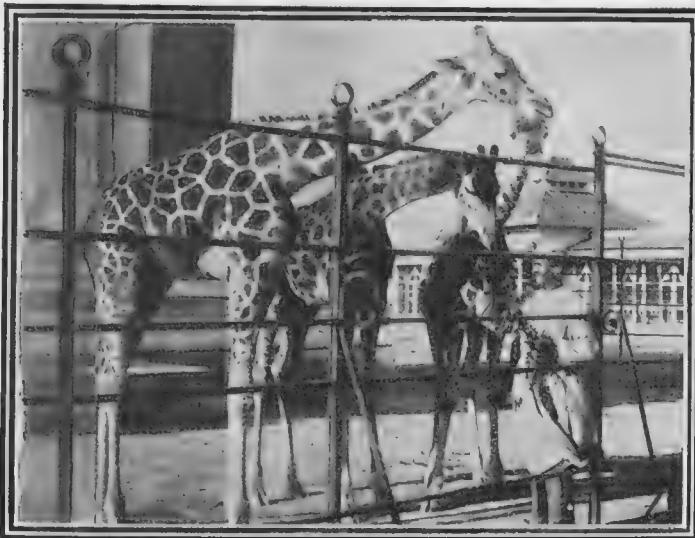
THE ONLY FIREWOMAN SURGEON IN THE WORLD:
MISS LILIAN M. THOMAS.

Miss Thomas is a surgeon of the New York Fire Department. The New York "Globe" writes of her as "a girl clad in rubber coat, cap, and boots, who goes down in the streets with the ladder and the nozzle, eating smoke with the sturdiest firemen."



A WALKING HANDKERCHIEF-SHOP.

Olga Brazoff is known at Tsarskoe Selo, where she is a famous character, as "the walking handkerchief-shop," and her wares hang from a strong wire framework round her waist.



THE STRANGE CAUSE OF A TELEPHONE DELAY.

The local telephone service in Athens was much disorganized a few days ago by the taller of the giraffes here shown, which escaped from the Zoological Gardens and contrived to get its head and neck entangled in the wires.



MOSCOW'S FROZEN-FISH MARKET.

Fish is usually expensive in Moscow; but, curiously enough, it is comparatively cheap in the cold weather. Most of the fish is brought in a frozen condition from far-distant Polar seas.



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S HOST FOR THE GRAND NATIONAL: LORD DERBY.

Photograph by Langier.

ordered about most unceremoniously by the physician into whose house a friend of the royal lady had been carried to recover from a fainting fit. And Queen Alexandra is just as successful in getting about unknown. When her Majesty, with the Prince of Wales and other royalties, honoured the great Barnum with a visit to Olympia, she gave him a pleasant surprise in this connection. Barnum met the royal party at the entrance, and said things which he naturally would say. "Oh," said the Queen, with laughing half-pretence at concealment from the others, "I have been here three times before!"

Favourite Hosts of Royalty. Lord and Lady Derby, who

are entertaining the Prince of Wales this week in honour of the Grand National, have long been among the favourite hosts of the royal family.



SON OF LORD WESTMORLAND: THE HON. MOUNTJOY FANE.

Photograph by Sarony.

Earl of Clarendon whom some people consider to have been the best of Victorian Foreign Ministers, and her knowledge of diplomacy is very great.

CROWNS. CORONETS & COURTIERS

IN spite of the myriad portraits of royalty published in many forms, members of our royal house manage now and then to get about unobserved, and Queen Alexandra and the Dowager Empress of Russia have done far more sight-seeing than even the most vigilant of the journalistic witnesses have succeeded in noting. When she was still Princess Maud, the present Queen of Norway found herself being

A Future King's Continental Betrothal? According to Court gossip the next royal marriage of worldwide interest will take place at Lisbon. The eldest son of the King of Portugal, the good-looking Duke of Braganza, is now of marriageable age, and the recent visit of the King of Saxony is said to have had for object the betrothal of a Saxon Princess to the Portuguese heir-apparent. Early marriages are



THE PRINCE OF WALES' HOSTESS FOR THE GRAND NATIONAL: LADY DEREY.

Photograph by Brown, Barnes, and Bell.



THE BOMB-PROOF TRAIN IN WHICH THE DOWAGER EMPRESS OF RUSSIA TRAVELED FROM ST. PETERSBURG.

The train is still on one of the sidings at Calais, where it has attracted much attention.

Photograph by Spicer.

Londesborough. Master Mountjoy Fane is almost exactly the same age as his little cousin, Maynard Greville, and, like the latter, he is a singularly handsome little boy. Yet another point of similarity between the two is the fact that each of them has a sister younger than himself.

Heir to an Ancient Earldom. Lord Leslie, the little son of the Earl of Rothes, is heir to one of the most ancient of Scottish earldoms, and one, too, that can descend in the female line. Lord Rothes is the chieftain of the great Scottish family which provides its eldest son with a courtesy title, and the Leslies all have reason to be proud of the young noble who has already, in spite of his youth, made quite a place for himself among representative Peers. Leslie House, Fife, is a beautiful place, and at one time a great portion of the county was owned by the reigning Earl; but in the reign of Charles II. one of his ancestors was given so splendid a State funeral that it seriously impoverished his successor. The present Countess of Rothes was Miss Dyer Edwardes, and the marriage, which took place in 1900, aroused great interest both in Scottish and in Gloucestershire society, for the bride's home was in that county.



HEIR TO AN ANCIENT EARLDOM: LORD LESLIE, SON OF LORD ROTHES.

Photograph by Langier.

THE MARKET VALUE OF MAN:

WHAT YOU ARE WORTH AT VARIOUS AGES—IN DOLLARS.



Dr. Erastus Holt, the well-known scientist, of Portland, Maine, recently had occasion to estimate the value to the community of man at various ages. The calculations are based upon the cost of maintenance and present or future earning capacity of the individual. Beginning his calculations with the value of a man earning 1.25 dollars a day, the doctor compiled the table of values given above. As it is usual to give discount for cash, the calculations are based upon a discount of five per cent.; that is, to say, if the man of the age given in the table would like to sell himself for cash, giving a discount of five per cent., he would be entitled to demand the sum opposite to that age in the table. If he earns more than 1.25 dollars a day, he can easily get at his actual cash value by multiplying the figures by the number of times his income is greater than the sum taken as a basis for the calculations. The professional man calls, of course, for another table. He should gather wisdom with the years, and thus be of greater value at a comparatively advanced age than the man who works with his hands.

Photographs by the P-J Press Bureau.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

Lady Godiva II. When a deserter, slipping off his uniform, and putting on the clothes of a civilian bathing in a canal at Liverpool, left his regimentals for the swimmer, he placed the latter in an awkward fix. Either he had to walk home unclad, or put on the martial gear and risk being arrested for stealing it. He ran the risk—and was arrested. Worse accidents have happened over-sea. There is a story in the Life of Buckle which should be borne in mind by all intending visitors to the Holy Land. A man and his wife, setting out from Jerusalem along a road where the author of "The History of Civilisation" was himself blackmailed, were set upon by thieves. Refusing to render tribute, they were stripped of everything they had—clothes and all. No, not quite all. A copy of the *Times* was spared to them. In this the gentleman arrayed himself. His wife had to content herself with the supplement. So, if one expects to be left naked on this road, the right day had better be chosen, for the lady's sake. The *Times* has but three supplements a week.

A Curmudgeon's Secret. To-night Mr. J. B. C. Kershaw is to discuss before the Society of Arts the old and difficult problem of smoke-prevention in factories. They have a story in Glasgow that even house-chimneys might be made inoffensive, if the secret were but known. They have had the secret, but it has gone to the grave with a sulky fellow named Grant Finlay. He invented a contrivance which, at a cost of less than thirty shillings, entirely destroyed the smoke from the fires of his house. Apparently he had a grudge against mankind, for he would never divulge his secret, and a week before his death, in 1899, had the whole of his apparatus destroyed.

Ranji's Statute. In view of the decision of the South African cricketing authorities not to send an Australian as one of their team to England, it is interesting to remember that Ranjitsinhji, come at last to his own, was the victim of a still more awkward difficulty on the occasion of his visit, with the Stoddart XI. of 1897, to Australia. The Antipodeans had expressed their willingness for him to play—not, we know, from any love of him, but because he was an asset from the point of view of "gate." When he arrived, however, he

came bump up against the laws of the land, which say that no Asiatic may be admitted into Australia. Here was a pretty fix, which the cricketing authorities had not contemplated, either

at Melbourne or at Lord's. There was Ranji, held up as rigorously as if he had been a seventh hatter. The only thing to do was to rush through a special Act, enabling him to enter. That was done. We have never given the prince of batsmen a statue, but he is one of the few men in the world who can boast of a special statute passed in his favour.

The Strict Letter. That faithful observance of the strict letter of discipline which Admiral Sir Arthur Wilson so highly commended in his men the other day has led to unexpected results before now. Glorious disobedience may have its merit. It takes an Irishman faithfully to follow out instructions. One such was he whom General Butler, a hard-hitting American soldier, summoned, upon hearing that his favourite charger had fallen down a ravine and killed itself. "Go and skin the horse," said the General. "What is it dead?" asked the Irishman. The General frowned. "Don't stand there asking questions, but do as you're told," he said angrily. The Irishman went his way and was absent two hours. When he returned he was scolded by his chief. "What have you been doing all this time?" "Skinning the horse, Sir." "Does it take two hours to skin a horse?" asked Butler. "No, yer anner; but thin, ye see, it tuck half an hour to catch him," was the staggering answer.

One Man One Drink. The Kentish gentleman who bought an inn and converted it into an hotel, to be run on the "one man one drink" principle, has not yet abandoned hope, albeit the Courts, which have decided against him, may know him no more. But that he may not think his ideal perfect in all men's eyes, it is worth while to recall the sad experience of the chief of a North American Indian tribe, who did take the one drink which Mr. Till prescribes. The chief is



FROM FATHER NEPTUNE'S TAILORS: A SUIT OF SEAWEED MADE BY A MADMAN.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

an unwearying advocate of temperance, and had been a total abstainer. One fatal day, however, for his stomach's sake, or other reason, he was beguiled into taking a glass of fire-water in a Nevada saloon. It shattered his reputation at once. His credit sank so low that he was in danger of being declared an outcast by his tribe. In this extremity he applied to the State Legislature, which consented thus to declare it-



WHERE RAISING THE HAT HAS BEEN ABOLISHED UNTIL THE WARM WEATHER: GOSLAR, PRUSSIA.

Perhaps following the example set by the City Fathers of Chrudim, in Bohemia, the Council of the picturesque town of Goslar recently issued a warning to the inhabitants of the place, asking them not to take off their hats to ladies during the continuance of the cold weather. Goslar is said to be literally covered with notices pointing out the danger of the practice, and requesting all men to confine themselves to a drawing-room bow or a military salute until the spring has come. Pupils at the Lyzeum alone are "exempt," and must still "cap" their masters.

self—"Resolved by the Legislature of the State of Nevada, the Governor concurring, that the drink of whisky taken by Johnson Sides in the Magnolia Saloon be and is hereby annulled."

BEFORE THE CARVEN LIE.



THE PENANCE OF JOSHUA POTTLE.

DRAWN BY S. BAGHOT DE LA BERÉ.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM

(R.G.)



THE greatest interest has been manifested in every green-room in London during the week in the photographs of the Prehistoric Lord Mayor's Show. So novel was the idea that it is by no means improbable it may be utilised on another occasion in an enlarged form. Speaking of the actual performance and the idea of representing a prehistoric man, Mr. C. H. Workman, the leading comedian of the Savoy Company, made some amusing remarks to the writer of this page: "The most characteristic thing about the prehistoric man, so far as my personal experience of him goes, is that he was a very cold mortal. The costume may lend itself to picturesqueness, but it needs to borrow a good deal more to

FLORETTE (MISS ANDREE CORDAY).

have any warmth in it. Whatever may have been the other qualities of the Stone Age, I should say its most notable one was rheumatism. Playing at being prehistoric would be admirable in the summer, but I should not care to take part in a prolonged run of a piece costumed in that way during the winter. No doubt, our ancestors were hardened to go about in those garments. Unhappily, we are not.

"It was unfortunate that the item came so late in the programme, for it lends itself to fun. It seemed to me a pity, too, that it did not have dialogue, for that would have helped it. The dialogue might have been in part prehistoric and in part modern. The prehistoric part would, I suppose, have been difficult to speak, since, in the Stone Age, the language must have been hard, not to say jaw-bone breaking. Still, in the interests of the public, comedians are long-suffering people. Proof of this fact was forthcoming when a ripe tomato, doing duty as a prehistoric earring worn by the prehistoric Suffragette, was, in the excitement of the final fray, flung with an aim archaeologically correct in its deadliness, and struck 'Teddy' Payne in the eye just as he was going to do a lot of funny business with some prehistoric vegetables, and he had, of course, to cut it all out."

Mr. Workman's interest in the skit was shared by every other member of the cast, notably by Miss Jean Aylwin, who declared that she had never enjoyed anything so much, though she had "never appeared before the public so scantily clothed." "I

don't mind confessing," she added naïvely, "that I prefer the tartan dress in which I am playing in 'The New Aladdin.'"

Miss Aylwin's rise has been a very rapid one. After a short experience in the country—for it lasted only some three or four months—she was lucky enough to secure an engagement in "The Girl from Kay's," in which she appeared for the last six weeks of its run. At the Gaiety she remained in the chorus during the run of "The Orchid," and of its successor, "The Spring Chicken." Then the chance of Miss Marion

has made her name as familiar throughout the United States as it is at home; she will probably recall an amusing incident which happened when she first appeared in the mystery play in New York. A lady had been to see the performance and was trying to explain it to some friends. She was enthusiastic, and in order to induce them to go she began to relate the story of the plot. Unhappily, badly narrated, the story is not enticing even for "Lenten entertainment." At length, however, she found a common measure of understanding between herself and her auditors. "It's like a perfectly lovely funeral!" she exclaimed in ecstasy. That settled it. Her friends flocked to the theatre.

That the Suffragette movement, lending itself as it does to dramatic treatment, would be seized upon by some writers of plays was inevitable. Miss Elizabeth Robins is the first to have a play produced on the subject, and with the title "Votes for Women" it will be given at the Court early next month. It is described as "a dramatic tract in three acts," thus falling into line with the description of certain of Mr. Shaw's plays. In this

respect it is quite different from another play on the same subject, "The Suffragettes," by Alicia Ramsey. This is a domestic play: pure and simple, in which the question of votes for women plays an important part in the relations of the leading characters. In both plays an open-air meeting of the Suffragettes

KATRINA (MISS SYBIL ARUNDALE).

THE FORTHCOMING PRODUCTION OF "THE GIPSY GIRL" AT THE WALDORF: SOME OF THE COSTUMES.

"The Gipsy Girl" is due for production on Friday. It is written and composed by Mr. Claude Arundale, brother of Miss Sybil Arundale. In the cast are Miss Sybil Arundale, Miss Grace Arundale, Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald, Mr. Gordon Cleather, and Mr. Fred Eastman. Should it be successful, it will be transferred to another theatre when Miss Julia Marlowe and Mr. E. H. Sothern take possession of the Waldorf in April.

From the Original Sketches by Mr. Claude Arundale.

Winchester leaving the company made her part vacant, and as Miss Aylwin had understudied it, she was given the opportunity of playing it. This she did with such success that she retained it for the rest of the run of the play, and understudied Miss Gertie Millar as well.

When this afternoon Miss Wynne-Mathison steps on the stage of the Coronet Theatre to repeat that strikingly beautiful performance in "Everyman" which

takes place—in Miss Robins' play in Trafalgar Square, in Mrs. Ramsey's in a street outside the house in which the hero and heroine live. In Mrs. Ramsey's play the heroine is actually arrested at the meeting, and the next scene shows her and her fellow-Suffragettes waiting in an anteroom for their case to be taken by the magistrate. Both these scenes lend themselves to a great deal of comedy as well as to an acute emotional treatment, while, by a cleverly contrived situation, a happy ending is secured.

Before "The Suffragettes" is produced, Mrs. Ramsey's name will appear on another West-End programme, for, in collaboration with Mr. Rudolph de Cordova, she has written the new sensational sketch for the Hippodrome, on the rehearsals of which Mr. Frank Parker is now actively engaged.



Smiles in Seven Stages.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



VII.—THE FLICKERING SMILE.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

STORIES about a change of proprietorship in the *Academy* prove to be mere prattle. They were very circumstantial. It was to be a deal between Baronets: Sir George Newnes was to sell; Sir Edward Tennant to buy. Lord Dunsany was to edit; Mr. A. C. Benson was to advise; and Lady Tennant, the Pamela Wyndham of old days, was to contribute, and to bring her brother George into the charmed group. It sounded all very good and very convincing. Now we read that the *Academy* stands where it did. What, then, are we to believe? Perhaps not even that Sir Edward has taken a little fortune into Printing House Square; or that the editorial chair of the *Nation* carries £1000 a year with it; or that the *Times*, having been beguiled into an ill-assorted union with the Book Club, meditates a divorce. Nothing, it seems, is so fleeting as a Fleet Street rumour.

Though Kings' Speeches are not really written by Kings, Kings have sometimes added to, curtailed, or otherwise altered them. Mr. Michael MacDonagh, who has been looking up this sort of literature in *Hansard*, gives some interesting results of his labours in the *Monthly Review*. Prime Ministers are usually the writers of the messages that prelude a session; and it is sometimes easy to meet Gladstone in their mazes, and still easier to identify Disraeli in such a vision as that of "the elephants of Asia carrying the artillery of Europe over the mountains of Rasselas." Disraeli owed a great deal to Dr. Johnson, and admitted the debt. But a King's Speech is everybody's speech, and it should not soar. To do it justice, it rarely does soar—it did not do so under Melbourne or Palmerston or John Russell, or even Lord Salisbury, old *Saturday Reviewer* though he was. Mr. MacDonagh gives an interesting account of Queen Victoria's first Speech, but the printers, in dating it Nov. 20, 1839, post-date it by two years.

Letters on his religious convictions are to form a portion of the new and important Life of that most absolute Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde—Paul Verlaine. Not only in his poetry was there the mixture of sanctity and profanity. In his chequered life he was not innocent of bloodshed, he was not ignorant of prison, and I know a Scotch doctor who, working in a Paris hospital, was intimate with a dilapidated patient periodically seeking his ward for the physic of an enforced sobriety. It was the poet of the cafés. But Verlaine, like Dr. Jekyll, never lost the rigours of compunction. His spiritual poetry was as full of ardour as the poetry that was by no means spiritual. M. Lepelletier, the writer of the forthcoming biography, has many unpublished papers in his possession, including some impressions of London, where the poet learned, among other

odd things, that Leicester Square was pronounced "leste square." It was in England, too, that Verlaine had the nightmare experience of teaching schoolboys the French language.

Miss Marie Corelli and Mrs. Humphry Ward have declared in print against votes for women. On the other side are ranged Sarah Grand, Violet Hunt, Elizabeth Robins, Flora Annie Steel, and—if we may judge by the trend of an article of hers in the *Westminster Gazette*—Vernon Lee. Among literary men, Mr. Zangwill is eloquent on the Suffragettes' platform; and they have Mr. George Meredith among their enthusiastic supporters. Mr. Richard Whiteing is also of their company.

Messrs. Longmans, who issue Roman Catholic or Anglican or Agnostic books with an even hand, announce in the United States a volume which sounds as though it were not quite flesh or fowl or good red-herring. Father Hugh Benson's new book, we are told, is "of religious interest," and was "written at a time when he viewed the Roman Church favourably, though he did not then belong to it." This seems to aim at making the best of both worlds—the world of Rome, in which he is a priest, and that of Canterbury, where his father was Archbishop. These are essays by Father Benson, and are not tales.

The interest in Emma Hamilton is perennial. But a great authority has just been saying that this is all on account of her pretty face and Romney's presentment of it. But it is not as the sitter of a great painter that Emma lives in the public mind; it is as the adored of Nelson. Miss E. Hallam Moorhouse's book has rekindled the old controversy—did Emma aid her country by her diplomacy? Was she in political league with Nelson in Naples? It does not matter very much now whether she was or was not a diplomatist. It is certain she thought herself one. It

is equally certain that

Nelson thought her one. And really it hardly matters what anybody else's opinion either was or is.

Mr. John Davidson will keep the golden jubilee of his birth next April by publishing the first play of a trilogy he is writing under the title of "God and Mammon." It is Mr. Davidson's opinion that Shakespeare holds the stage in Christendom, and that the appeal of the new and aspiring playwright must be made by means of a new cosmogony. Mr. Davidson sets himself the task of removing poetry from the spiritual world—and this at a moment when men of science like Mr. Butler Burke are declaring that even matter has a sub-consciousness that has its ultimate in soul.

M. E.



UNSELFISHNESS.

TIME: MIDNIGHT.—THE MOTHER: Lift yer feet up, can't yer—slouchin' along like that! Can't yer think of the poor people wot's asleep?

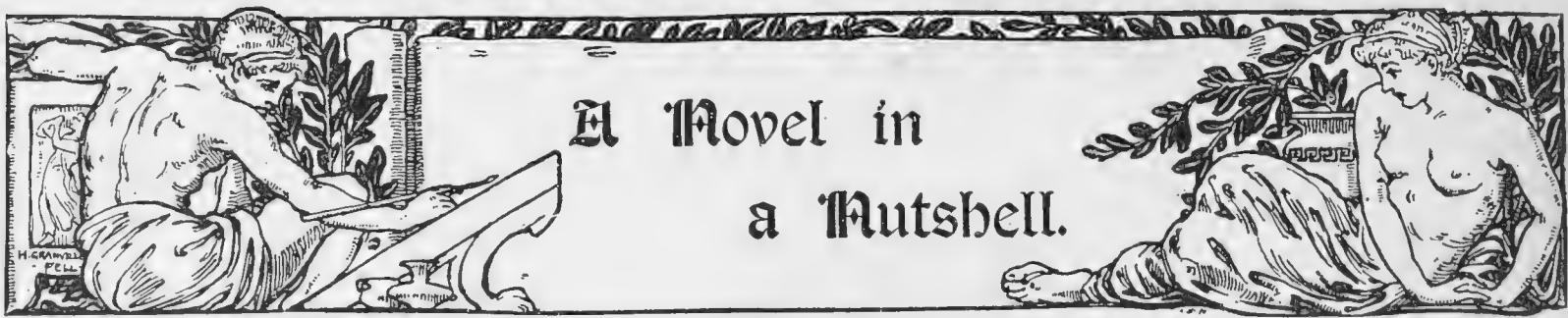
DRAWN BY HOPE READ.

REALLY, MOST AWFULLY ANNOYING!



THE DANDY (*in blissful ignorance of the period of his own dress*): Dear me, I thought all the dresses were to be Elizabethan.

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.



AN EMPTY HOUSE.

BY OWEN OLIVER.

HE had not been particularly fond of the house when they lived in it, and he could not make out why he had asked for the key. It was just a fancy that came into his head when he saw it standing empty. The agent happened to live right opposite, and he had acted on the impulse.

The house had been vacant for a good while, it seemed. The grass had grown over the path, and there was moss in the corners of the steps. The key grated in the lock and would not move at first. It was always a troublesome door to open. Vi used to rush upstairs like a hurricane to unlatch it before he could turn the key. The key generally turned when she was at the far end of the passage; but, of course, he pretended that it had not. It was so good to hear her laugh at him and to see the sparkles in her eyes. She wore short dresses then, and her hair was down her back. Her hair had been put up these five years. Five? No, it must be seven. There was a big-eyed baby Vi now. Thank God, Vi's eyes still sparkled, and she still rushed at him like a whirlwind when he went to her house. Her way had never altered—never altered from the time she was a wee, toddling thing. Ah! The key had turned at last.

The hall looked smaller than he remembered it. He wondered how there had been room to move in it. Here was where the little oak table stood—the little carved table that they thought an extravagance then. He always liked that table; but, of course, it would not do for the big hall of the big house that he lived in now. He must ask what had become of the table. He had not seen it for years. He always kept his vestas in the right-hand drawer. Bert and Alan used to steal them. They were only little fellows then. Such little fellows! And now they would soon be men. Bert was going to Oxford next month, and Alan was taller than his father. They had done very well at school. They were good boys, good boys! What dreadful little pickles they were then! He could almost fancy that he saw them—the empty house was empty no more as he looked around.

Two small imps were peeping round the top of the basement stairs—a keen, brown-eyed face, and a good-humoured, blue-eyed one. Two eager voices were in his ears—"Can't we have a penny for fireworks to-night, dad, 'cause we didn't have one yesterday, and I went up four places in Latin last week?" "An' I've got to bonus, and that's very good for me." "We could get better ones if you gave us a penny each." "Mamma said perhaps you would if we didn't bother till you'd got your coat off. Well, you've got one arm out—"

He used to tell them that they were a pair of young nuisances, but he never meant it. He hoped they always understood that.

Pat, pat, pat, on the kitchen stairs. "May on'y go see dada. Yes, May must. No, no; naughty Milly! Go 'way. Dada! Dada!" "All right, Milly; let her come."

A round little figure pushed the boys out of the way, and ran at him with a screaming laugh. "Want penny, dada. May, too." "Have, you been bad or very bad to-day, Miss Pig?" "None bad!" "Oh!" cried both of the boys at once. "What does mamma say, I wonder? No, no, boys; no tales. Well, I'll see, I'll see. You'll send me to the workhouse soon. You won't get any pennies then. And where is Dolly?"

Dolly would be in the drawing-room reading. She ought to be practising, of course; but she preferred a book. She was too absorbed to look up till he bent down and kissed her—she had a quick smile for him then. She always had a smile for her father, even when she was a baby. She used to cry after him before she could walk. She said 'dada' when she was barely five months old,

and she could say one hundred and seventy-three words when she was eighteen months. He made a list of them. He laughed softly at himself for remembering such a trivial thing. Her baby was very like Dolly used to be—very like; only not quite so pretty, to his mind. Dolly was his first child—the first child is the wonder of wonders always; still a child to him, though she was a woman and a mother. But he was back in the old drawing-room, and Dolly was back at fifteen years—and Bert had snatched her book, and was dodging her round the ottoman. His own voice sounded young in the ears of his memory. He was always a child with the children.

"Come, come, boys!" his young voice said. "What will your mother say if she finds you've been in the drawing-room in those dirty boots? Give them another wipie, then. What is that down in the garden—a Roman shield, eh? It looks to me like the copper-lid. Eh, Milly?—dinner? All right. You can take Miss Maisie—"

But May held to his leg, and began rubbing one fist in her eyes. "Oh, very well; she can stay if she's very good. Come on, piglet. What! carry a big girl like you? Only 'little big,' eh? Up you come, then! Now, boys, get those lessons done while I have dinner. Ye-es; you can do them at the other end of the dining-table, if you're very still and quiet. Fireworks? We'll see about them when the lessons are finished. I daresay Vi will get them for you. *She'll* pass for thirteen. Now for that 'quiet dinner' mother said I was to have—"

Somehow, he never did have a quiet dinner in those days. The children were so young—he was younger then. Ah! He shrugged his shoulders impatiently. People must grow older; and he was not really old—just old enough to have come to his full powers and earned success. His time was precious nowadays. He could only spare a few moments for a look round the house. It was an absurd fancy, a ridiculous fancy.

He started at the sound of his footsteps in the empty house as he began to climb the stairs. The boys used to slide down the banisters; and the girls! This was the boys' room. How pleased they were to have a room to themselves when they moved here. He let them choose their own pictures out of those degraded from the former dining-room. He had expected that they would select the gaudy ones, for which he had no other use; but their taste was, unfortunately, good. They persuaded their mother to buy plaster figures for the mantelshelf from a man who called: Queen Victoria and an Italian flower-girl. The flower-girl lost an eye when Alan first had a catapult; and Bert lent the Queen to May for a doll when she had measles. It never went back. What young scamps they were! But they had grown up fine fellows—fine, manly fellows!

The green shelf that he put up for their toys was still there, but it had been repainted. He had meant it to be pale-blue, not green; but it is easy to confuse colours by gas-light; especially when you have two little boys to help you. The stain was still in the boards where Alan upset the paint-pot. He stood a long time looking down where their bed had been. Most mornings he came in to stop a pillow-fight, or settle whose clothes were whose. They were so much of a size. Most evenings he came down from the study to adjust a difference concerning the sharing of the bed or the clothes; or to give them drinks of water, or fetch them biscuits, or tell them that they really must be quiet. They made a great deal of noise. But they were only little fellows. He always tried to allow for that.

He used to come in the last thing at night to see that the gas was safely turned off, and that the windows would not rattle. The boys were inclined to doubt whether the lions were really safe in the "Zoo," if they heard a noise in the night; and then, of course,

[Continued overleaf.]

THE MERRY, MERRY LIFE OF A SAILOR!



THE PAID HAND (*cheerily*) : Next tide'll be a spring tide, Sir.

THE OWNER (*out for the first time, and decidedly unhappy*) : Don't say it'll be springier than this.

DRAWN BY CHARLES PEARS.

they shouted for their father. It was always in the cold weather that they disturbed his slumbers. He felt very cross sometimes, he remembered; but he didn't give himself away by showing it. No one has any right to lose his temper with a child. Besides, they were frightened. And they were only little chaps—such little chaps!

This was the nursery. He always had to go in twice to bid May good-night; sometimes three or four times. "I shan't have any peace till you are grown-up, monkey!" he used to tell her. Now his baby was quite a big girl. How the years had flown!

The elder girls' room was next to the nursery. What bonny girls they were; and how they loved romping and fun! They used to make faces at him round their door, and he would lie in wait with the long dusting broom. Once Violet was in ambush up the stairs with a pillow. She missed him and hit the gas-globe. He told his wife that *he* had broken it. It was his fault, of course, for encouraging them to romp.

Sometimes he would put a booby-trap on the bath-room door to catch them in the mornings. He rose earlier than the rest to write. He worked very hard in those days. There was need of hard work with so many mouths to fill. Thank heaven he was still a busy man; but the need had passed. Work does not often bring its full reward; but it brings something. He was no longer a poor man, thank heaven! He did not care very much for money himself, but had always wished to leave a little for the children, when his time came. But his time was not up yet. No, no—not yet.

This was his room, and his wife's. She had a busy life then, but it had been an easy one these last few years. The reward of a man's labours comes first to his wife and children. He would not wish it otherwise. He did not wish for an easy life, ever, he thought. There was always work for a man.

In this room he used to lie awake and wonder how to make both ends meet. One—two—three. The hours struck so quickly one after another. He seemed scarcely asleep before the morning came, and May's tap, tap, tap at the door. When he let her in she would scramble into his place before he was back in bed. He would pretend to be very cross, and she would laugh. The baby laugh was missing from the house these many years. How she would laugh when the crocodile was eating her—the crocodile that was made of legs and bedclothes! They were equally useful for making a camel, with a hump that vanished just as she was sitting down.

There was no sleep for him after May arrived. Her restless feet made a wonderful draught in the bed on cold mornings; and her tongue never ceased prattling. If he half fell into a doze, she would beg for a story. "In a minute," he would protest sleepily; but she used to put her chubby arms round his neck, and kiss him with a soft, wet mouth. "You's a dear dada. Now tell May 'tory." She was a big girl now—a big girl. He went and looked thoughtfully out of the window.

Only Alan and May would be left at home, now Bert was going to the 'Varsity. Alan would be going in a year or two. She would not stop long after him. Her impudent beauty caught men's eyes already. And when his baby went—The street-lamp that was just lit flickered unsteadily. There must be a mist on the windows. No, it was on his spectacles. Well, well! He would go up to the old study and congratulate himself on the improvement that he had made in that respect.

The study was right at the top of the house—one of the attics. It was too hot in the summer and too cold in the winter; but his work had prospered there. He remembered how he made the carpet for it, by cutting the best pieces out of an old one. Nothing was left of the oddments that had furnished the room, except the tall nest of drawers that his wife had given him. They were too good for the other things, they said then. Now she wanted to turn them out of his study, because they were not good enough for the rest of the furniture; but he held to them. He was not given, as some are, to friendship with inanimate things; but he could not look upon these

just as furniture. Sheaves of his writings had passed through them—the writings that were part of himself, that had changed as he had changed. Or was it as the children changed? There was always so much of the children in his stories. When there were no longer any children, they would be an old man's writings—an old man's writings. No, no! His heart would never be quite old while he had the memories. He would never lose these. They were with him now.

He turned to sit in the old chair, and found that the room was empty. The dusk was creeping over it, and the corners were full of shadows. It was a room of shadows and corners, a room to think in. He had sat there so often in the twilight thinking: thinking of the stories that he made, thinking of his own; facing the things that a man has to face. No one can help him with some of them—no one.

It was here that he sat and faced his darkest hour. He had not liked to think of it ever since. He wiped his forehead as he thought of it now. The daylight grew into twilight; the shadow of the window-frame came creeping towards him along the floor. The twilight deepened into darkness. There were whispering thoughts—evil thoughts—in the room. He could not escape them. He got up and lit the gas, to take refuge in light, and they whispered to him still. His thoughts went back to the depths. God forbid that we should follow them and pry into his memories. We all have our dark hours—all!

Suddenly the door burst open, and the girls pushed one another into the room. They could hardly speak for laughing. He could hardly speak. He passed it off for laughter, too. Dolly had done her hair up, and put on a last season's dress of her mother's. Violet had borrowed his overcoat and hat, and a cigar to stick in her mouth. They spoilt the cigar, he remembered, and he had to have the hat ironed. He thought that they saved him. People see what children owe to their fathers. They do not see what their fathers owe to them. O God, if You hear any prayer of mine—if I have struggled in a man's blind way, and that is a prayer—bless my children!

The children! It was they who furnished the house when the furniture was shabby and spare. It was they who gave relish to the food when the larder was scanty. It was they who filled the mind, and left no room for the lumber and cobwebs; they who filled the heart and left no room for the empty ache; they who made the labour easy and the reward worth having; they who heartened to the sacrifices that were nearest to a prayer!

The children! It was they who had brightened his goings and his comings. They clustered round him and clambered upon him as he went down the stairs. They smiled at him and rushed after him from the doorways. They waved at him from the windows as he passed through the gate. They followed him into the road for another kiss as he left the empty house. He was not a man who prayed often, but his lips moved silently in a prayer.

"You find the house much as you left it, Sir Albert?" said the agent deferentially, when he handed back the key. "Times have changed for the better with you since then!" He smiled his pleasant smile. He had a good manner, everyone said. It was kindly, like the man.

"Yes," he agreed; "times have changed."

He glanced over his shoulder as he spoke, and smiled again. Times change; but memory knows no changing. There were memories still at the gloomy windows, and it seemed to him that he was smiling at his babies. He looked back to them once more before he turned the corner, and he was smiling still.

God, to whom all things are possible, would know the reward, he thought, for his years of strenuous life: the life that had been his prayer. When time had done with its foolish fleeting and houses were levelled with the dust, the memories unchanged and unchanging would still be with him—the memories of his children when they were children.

THE END.



WORKMAN: Nice steady life you 'ave 'ere, to be sure!
LIFTMAN: Steady? Why, it's all ups and downs!

DRAWN BY STRICKLAND BROWN.



WORLD'S WHISPERS.

WHAT would the British numismatists say if, at their conference to-night, a coin of Eucratides were sprung upon them? And what would they offer for it? There was one in the market some years ago; offered for a sum which possibly might be realised to-day. It was a massive gold piece weighing as much as a score of English sovereigns. A Jew had somehow managed to possess himself of it at Bokhara. Knowing that its value would rise the more he went west, he dropped down first in Paris and there asked a million francs for it. There was not a bidder at the price, so he came on to London and opened negotiations with the British Museum. The authorities were prepared to deal—at a price. He asked its intrinsic value, and was informed. He asked when it was struck, and they mentioned the probable year B.C.

"Very well," he said; "I will be satisfied with interest at five per cent. since that date!" Here, again, there was no bidder. One was found when the price came down. A dealer got it for £1100, which yielded him £200 profit when he resold.

THE AMERICAN WIFE OF THE BANISHED FEHIM PASHA: MARGARET FEHIM, FORMERLY A CIRCUS-RIDER.

Fehim Pasha, recently banished at the instance of the German Ambassador, first saw his wife when she was giving a bare-back riding performance at a circus, fell in love with her, and married her within a week. Margaret Fehim Pasha is an American, and was formerly Miss Margaret Morgan.

They have been thirsting for revenge for a long time on the same lines as the electricians. If they had only joined forces on that memorable Friday night, they would have brought the Town Council, and the Government as well, to its knees in a very few hours. The ancient query as to where was Moses when the light went out is now transferred to Paris. We know where some people were; they were between two floors in an

electrically worked lift, and had to be fished out ignominiously. Next to the theatres, the Press suffered more than any body of persons. Strange and wonderful things happened. There are, as you know, a multitude, which no man can number, of morning papers in Paris. Their resources are not very great; they do not even print themselves, but get themselves printed. When the current ceased, and there was no electricity to run either the composing or printing machines, the husks of the papers were borne to a firm of steam printers. This simplified matters. It printed a dozen four-page newspapers with the same body, but with different heads attached. When one newspaper had been struck off, the printer simply cast a new title and went on merrily with the contemporary. There was a strange mix-up of journalistic views in the Press next morning.



THE KING OF SPAIN AS A NEGRO: AN EXTRAORDINARY STAMP.

Spain is protesting vigorously against the stamps just issued for the island of Fernando Po, and is asking why King Alfonso should be represented as "a full-fledged negro, with thick pouting lips and curling woolly hair."

that the day would come when a memorial to their joint selves would form the reason and the excuse of such a "smart" gathering as that which is to take place at Stafford House at what promises to be one of the most noteworthy concerts ever held in London. It is, of course, a pretty notion that poets should be commemorated in such a fashion, but,

Keats, Shelley, and Stafford House.

How amazed Keats and Shelley would have felt could some seer have foretold



M.P.s AS PREACHERS: MR. JAMES BRANCH, M.P., WHO ADDRESSED THE CONGREGATION AT BISHOPSGATE CHAPEL LAST WEEK.

Mr. Branch, who is member for the Enfield Division of Middlesex, preached on Wednesday last. Mr. Arthur Henderson, member for the Barnard Castle Division, preaches this week; then comes Mr. George Nicholls, member for the Northern Division of Northamptonshire.

Photograph by Russell.

all the same, one wonders what these particular poets would have thought of it; and among those present at this feast of music, some, doubtless, will feel attuned to the feeling expressed by the American who wrote to an English lark the lines—

I've listened to you long,
O spirit of the dew;
You did not sing to Shelley such a song
As Shelley sang to you!



A BRITISH INSTITUTION THAT HAS INTERESTED HOLLAND: THE CHILDREN'S COURT AT BIRMINGHAM.

The Dutch authorities have shown much interest in the Children's Court at Birmingham, and a deputation of three ladies from Amsterdam attended the Court the other day to watch the procedure. Mr. Field, the Chairman, stated that very few of the juvenile offenders dealt with appeared at the Court a second time.—[Photograph by H. J. Whillock.]

KEY-NOTES

THE Covent Garden authorities have issued their prospectus for the coming season, and the document deserves serious consideration, for the days are past when these things were synonymous with hopes deferred and idle speculation. Twenty-eight works and seventy-eight performances are promised between April 30 and July 26. Wagner, of course, heads the list with eight operas—the four music-dramas of "The Ring," with "Lohengrin," "Tannhäuser," "Die Meistersinger," and "The Flying Dutchman."



THE NEW SINGER AT THE HICKS : M. ARMAND KALISZ, WHO IS PLAYING MAURICE LE BLANC IN "MY DARLING."

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

since the autumn season of 1905, and Mascagni's "Iris," which is a new importation. In this Fräulein Destinn will play the title-part. The opera dates from 1898, when it was first produced in Rome, and deals with the tragedy of a young Japanese girl who is decoyed into a Geisha house, and takes her own life on discovering the fate in store for her. Signor Illica, the author, has treated the subject allegorically. Of the music we have heard here the Prologue, which describes the rising of the sun. Giordano's "Fedora" and "Andrea Chenier" will both be interesting additions to the répertoire of the Grand Season, and the revival of Ponchielli's "Giconda," which was also held over from last autumn, adds strength to the Italian programme. "Hänsel und Gretel" and "The Merry Wives of Windsor" are the German works outside Wagner to be heard, and the French school is represented by "Faust" and "Carmen" alone. The list of operas may have to be added to, and it is not impossible that the opera which wins Messrs. Ricordi's prize may be included. There will be three conductors: Dr. Richter, Signor Campanini, and Mr. Percy Pitf. The company will number thirteen sopranos, six contraltos, ten tenors, and seventeen baritones and basses. Of these the most important are Madame Melba, Fräulein Destinn, Madame Giacchetti, Frau Gulbranson, Fräulein Selma Kurz, Miss Agnes Nicholls, Madame Kirkby Lunn, Madame de Cisneros, Signor Bassi (a tenore robusto, who will sing Otello), Signor Caruso,

The absence of "Tristan und Isolde" will create some surprise. Verdi contributes the next largest share to the list—"Aïda," "Un Ballo in Maschera," "La Traviata," "Rigoletto," and lastly "Otello," the revival of which will gain special interest from Madame Melba's appearance as Desdemona, of which unforeseen difficulties deprived us last autumn. Puccini is represented by "La Bohème," "La Tosca," and "Madama Butterly." The other Italian works include two novelties—Catalani's "Loreley," which has been promised

Herr Burrian, Signor Carpi, Herr Jörn, Herr Ernst Krauss, M. Gilibert, Herr Griswold, M. Journet, Herr Knüpfel, Herr Raboth, Signor Sammarco, Signor Scotti, and Herr Van Rooy.

By his Prelude to the opera "Ione," which was produced at the last Philharmonic Concert, Mr. Arthur Hervey took a distinct step in advance in public estimation as a composer. It is in all respects a stronger piece of work than any composition of his we have heard hitherto. He conducted it himself, and showed that he has a quite exceptional gift in that direction. At the same concert the Scandinavian composer Christian Sinding conducted his own Violin Concerto, and proved that a composer is not necessarily a good conductor; in fact, the unsteadiness in the last movement was apparently due to him, and not to M. Johannes Wolff, who played with admirable spirit and sympathy. Other recent concerts which call for notice are the performance of

"The Kingdom," by the Royal Choral Society, which must have given the hearers a wrong idea of the true value of the work. It is music which depends a great deal on the manner of performance; and if there are not life and subtlety of tone-colour and dramatic vigour in the singing of it, it becomes meaningless. London should reserve judgment on "The Kingdom" till it hears it performed by a choir from the North.



FOREIGN MINISTER AND COMPOSER: SEÑOR JOAO ARROYO, WHO HAS WRITTEN THE MUSIC FOR "AMORE E PERDIZIONE."

Señor Arroyo is a former Portuguese Minister for Foreign Affairs and Marine. His opera was produced recently at the Theatre Royal, Lisbon, before an audience including all the members of the Royal Family of Portugal.



KILLING TIME DURING A SUN-CURE: THE BATHERS' BRASS BAND.

Our photograph shows an impromptu brass band, organised by those undergoing a course of sun-baths, with a view to killing monotony.—[Photograph by the International Press Agency.]

wonderfully that it is difficult to believe one is listening to a machine and not to the artists themselves. Some of the recent records were exhibited the other day, and Madame Melba's singing of the Aubade from Lalo's "Le Roy d'Ys," and Signor Caruso's rendering of Barthélémy's "Triste Ritorno," were much admired. There were also some excellent impressions of Signor Battistini, whose beautiful singing of "Eri tu" from "Un Ballo in Maschera," "A tanto amor" from "La Favorita," and "O Sommo Carlo" from "Ernani," amongst others, was reproduced in the most lifelike way.—COMMON CHORD



GOD SAVE THE KING!—A ROYAL CLUB—NEITHER CHAINS NOR PROPELLER SHAFT: THE CHENARD-WALCKER DRIVE: ALSO CLUTCH BRAKE AND LUBRICATION—HIGH-TENSION MAGNETO SIMPLIFICATION—LONG-DISTANCE DRIVES AND MICHELIN TYRES.

A CLUB Royal now, an it please you, my masters! “The Royal Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland” in the future, for so has his Gracious Majesty Edward VII. commanded. Great indeed was the shout of applause that went up to the very roof-tree of the huge banqueting-hall at the Cecil when, all unsuspected and unexpected, the announcement that the King had allowed the light of his countenance to shine upon us fell from the lips of the Hon. Arthur Stanley, M.P., who occupied the chair at the annual dinner the other day. It was instantly evident that, a motorist himself, his Majesty had in due season resolved to stamp with his royal approval the work done by the Club in fostering and advancing the cause of self-propelled traffic ever since its inception. Whatever its critics and its enemies may say of the Club, but for the unselfish labours of some of its members in the past, the position of

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ends of the differential gear-shaft or counter-shafts. These shafts, with the differential gear, are carried by the axle proper, and play no part whatsoever in sustaining the car. They are entirely free from road shock or twist, and have none other but a driving function. As made in the Chenard-Walcker cars, what is an unbreakable back-axle is the result, coupled with the minimum loss in transmission.

There are yet other interesting features which particularly distinguish the Chenard-Walcker chassis from the rank and file of motor-cars, which features, like the drive already mentioned, are due to the thought and care of M. Walcker, one of the best accredited motor-engineers across the Channel. I refer to the clutch ring-brake, in which the ordinary friction cone-clutch is made with a reverse cone rearwards, which, upon continued depression of the clutch-pedal, takes effect upon an internally coned ring, attached to the frame, forming a very sweet, but nevertheless very powerful, brake, capable of holding the car forwards or backwards on the steepest hills. The engine-lubrication is absolutely automatic, and so long as oil shows in a glass tube on the dashboard, the driver knows for certain that his engine is getting all the oil she requires.

Further, the withdrawal of the clutch closes the throttle, although this is controlled by pedal and hand. Every engineer I know who has examined a Chenard-Walcker chassis has characterised it as a sterling engineering job.

Slowly but surely the high-tension magneto is displacing the accumulator-fed ignition, notwithstanding the comparative simplicity of the latter system, and that to a very large extent it is understood of the people. The Commercial Vehicle Exhibition, which closed its doors last Saturday, produced three new and greatly simplified high-tension magnetos.

One—a very expensive instrument, by the way—was shown by Aster, Limited, the makers of the well-known motors of that name; another was to be seen upon the stand of Messrs. Peto and Radford; and, last but assuredly not least, was the new “Lacoste,” a machine of French make and of extreme simplicity. So complete and easily dismounted is this machine that it is difficult to imagine that anything short of demagnetisation—a very, very rare occurrence—could possibly cause trouble. The only objection to the use of high-tension magnetos is the occasional fusing of the sparking points of the plugs, and the consequent metallic bridging of the spark-gap.

A six-cylinder Hotchkiss is now making a mazy tour of France which, when completed, will amount to something over 10,000 miles. This car, which has performed most satisfactorily up to the present moment, being about one third through the allotted trip, is running on Michelin tyres, which, I am most credibly informed, have given the greatest satisfaction, and, what is more, no trouble. The 30-h.p. Siddeley car which is performing a somewhat similar task in this country is also fitted with the new Michelin detachable rims and tyres, as used on the winning Renault car in the Grand Prix last year. The fact that Michelin tyres are in use for similar purposes and tests on both sides of the Channel at the same time is an earnest of the faith placed in them by makers who are keen on their cars achieving big performances.

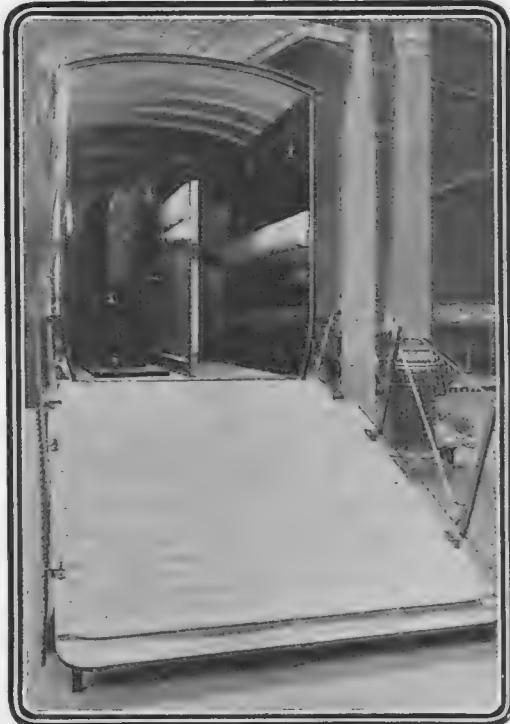


BERLIN'S LADY CHAUFFEUR: FRAU SCHERENSTEIN.

Berlin has followed Paris. She does not yet rejoice in cabwomen, but she can boast a lady chauffeur in the person of Frau Scherenstein, widow of a well-known advocate. Frau Scherenstein was taught her work by an expert, and had no difficulty in passing her examinations.

automobilism would be very different and much more undesirable than it is to-day. Those members, past and present, who, through evil repute and good repute, have borne the burden and heat of the day, have now their reward in the royal approval stamped upon their work by his Majesty's gracious command.

To many motorists who think and, thinking, form opinions of their own as to mechanical design in connection with automobiles, side-chain drive is something of an abomination, while propeller-shaft live-axle drive troubles them by reason of the several objections urged against it by its opponents. But there is yet another method of conveying the drive to the road-wheels from the gear-box, to which little attention is given, for the reason that, to be



THE HORSE INSIDE THE CART: A MOTOR-CAR FOR CONVEYING HORSES FROM PLACE TO PLACE.

The car, which was exhibited at Olympia, has four cylinders, and is 20-h.p. Our photograph shows a dummy horse in the new van.

Photograph by Topical.



ROYALTY AND THE CAR: THE QUEEN AND THE DOWAGER EMPRESS OF RUSSIA MOTORING THROUGH HATFIELD.

The motor-car has been much in evidence during the royal visit, and has enabled the Queen and her sister to pay many long-anticipated visits in a very short time.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

successful in every way, it must be correctly designed and perfectly made. This drive is found on the well-known Chenard and Walcker pleasure-cars, and the Milnes-Daimler motor-buses. It consists of internally toothed drums bolted to or forming part of the driving-wheel hub, with which mesh-spur pinions fasten on the

THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE CROWD—SYSTEMS THE PLAY'S THE THING.

SINCE the passing of the Street Betting Bill the cheap rings at the majority of the suburban race-meetings have been well patronised, and in the future the gallery will have to be seriously catered for by clerks of courses. The cheap ring at Kempton is well appointed, and the same can be written of the Sandown enclosure. The Hurst Park ring is a good one, but it may have to be enlarged presently at the expense of the 10s. enclosure next door. Given fine weather, the 2s. 6d. ring at Alexandra Park should be inconveniently crowded on April 6, and I think that Messrs. Pratt and Co. might easily extend this ring fifty yards down the course; while a few yards of iron roofing on the top side would be acceptable in case of rain. The 2s. 6d. ring at Goodwood will have to be enlarged; and I do not see why a cheap ring should not be established on the opposite side of the course at Ascot. It would prove a little gold-mine to the management. The nimble ninepence should not be neglected in the future, not even by the managers of the swagger meetings, for it will be found that it is necessary in money matters, as in theatricals, to play up to the gallery. It has been observed that the majority of racecourse recruits patronise the cheaper rings, as they evidently do not intend to waste money over expenses; and people of a thrifty turn are likely to last a great deal longer and be more lucrative to the Turf than the whole-hoggers, many of whom are here to-day and gone to-morrow. When the late Mr. S. H. Hyde made a bold bid for the Bank Holiday crowds, he adopted the shilling gate and the 2s. 6d. ring. The result far exceeded even his expectations, and now we find that the competition for the Bank Holiday fixtures has become very acute.

Directly the flat-race season begins I am flooded with systems originated by amateurs who one and all are certain that they have at last discovered perpetual motion or the art of squaring the circle. Only one system has ever been known to pay—that was the Martingale plan of doubling up on first favourites; but that would not work nowadays. Many youthful aspirants are fond of the second favourite system, but stay-at-home bookies will not take them, and the expense of following the meetings, added to the fact that it is sometimes impossible to discover what is second favourite in the ring, makes this unworkable. I

have heard of a system followed by professional backers in the past that worked well. It was to find out the non-triers or unfit horses in the race and back the remainder mixed. This would bring good results as long as the winner did not start at a short price so as to spoil the average. Another plan that has worked well is to follow the naps of a recognised tipster after he has had a long run of losers. This applies equally to the mounts of the leading jockeys, although I know the case of a backer who followed

Allsopp in forty-one mounts and then stopped. The very next ride Allsopp had he got home at a long price. There is no royal road to fortune through systems; and as for dreams, they are worse than useless, although it should be noted that the late

Lord Randolph Churchill dreamed that Veracity had won the Cambridgeshire; and he backed the horse heavily, thereby relieving the late R. H. Fry of a fat cheque.

I was very much struck by an announcement I read lately to the following effect: The sales of Nat Gould's novels exceed 5,000,000 copies. As Mr. Gould confines his writing to sporting subjects, this proves that the ruling passion is fairly strong in the British Isles. We have very few writers of sporting novels nowadays; indeed, Mr. Gould may be said to have a monopoly in this branch of writing. I should very much like to see Mr. Gould turn dramatist, and give us a really good sporting play. I am sure it would take well, especially if put on a big stage like that at Drury Lane. True, Mr. Cecil Raleigh covers the ground wonderfully well in some of his pieces; but sport is only used as an adjunct, and is interlarded with all-round Society functions. I feel certain that Mr. Gould could, if he would, give us a really good racing drama that

would hold the audience spellbound throughout at least three acts. With that good sportsman Mr. Leonard Boyne as the hero of the piece, I feel certain success would be assured. Many years ago, a musical friend and myself concocted an operetta entitled "The Horseman." It was really manufactured for a charity performance at the Crystal Palace. We were delighted, some months after its first appearance, to find that it was to be put on at a benefit performance at Drury Lane. I think this must be set down as one of those kindly acts for which the late Sir Augustus Harris was noted. The time is ripe for a strong racing play.

Will Mr. Nat Gould kindly take the hint?—CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's Monday "Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



BOXING WITH THE FEET: A SIX-YEAR-OLD BOY LEARNING LA SAVATE, THE FRENCH FORM OF BOXING.

The professor shown is M. Charlemont; his pupil, Robert Saurin.

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THE END OF THE DAY'S HUNT: TOWING SEALS TO THE SHIP AT NEWFOUNDLAND.

Photograph by G. G. Bain.

them, in sympathy with various professionals, suggested that the number of cannons allowed should be restricted; while others thought that a chalk-line should be drawn across the angles of the pockets, and that it should be made imperative that the object-ball should be sent outside the line after every second or third cannon. The president of the meeting pointed out that it would be obviously unfair to rule the stroke out of order for the present, and it was decided that the time was not ripe for the abolition or restriction of the stroke.

WOMAN'S WAYS.

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Clubs and the Woman. Hitherto we have not done anything grandiose in London in the way of ladies' clubs, principally owing to the rooted dislike of Englishwomen to paying more than four or five guineas a year for the privileges of club life. A member who wants to have tea for sixpence and dinner for half-a-crown—and I confess I am one of them—must not expect, though she generally does, to enjoy the menus of Lucullus amidst the luxuries of Heliogabalus. We cannot at once be crowned with roses and consume a well-cooked vegetarian lunch at tenpence. Yet the feminine mind eternally harbours some such ambition, and it is owing to this clash of ideals, no doubt, that the failure of some promising clubs was due. But the new Colony Club, a palatial building in Madison Avenue, New York, seems to be about to realise the highest flights of feminine fancy in clubs. One hears that, though the famous "Four Hundred" are to rule its proceedings, the Colony is intended for working women as well. The sum of £1 per night for a bedroom seems somewhat stiff, but will, no doubt, be cheerfully paid in return for such advantages as a gymnasium, roof-garden, library, ball-room, winter-garden, swimming-pool, and baths and "beauty-parlours" (or it would not be America), in which the faded member can be made as good as new. After this, our London ladies' clubs must look to it that they are not left behind in elegance, even if we have to raise our subscriptions as much as half-a-guinea a year.

The Wrong Sister. One wonders, with the inquisitive American, why Englishmen always manage to marry the wrong sister, whenever that hardy annual the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill begins to bloom in Committee by the stony banks of the River Thames. The question is a nice one, and is not to be lightly decided. Some men contrive, in their salad days, to fall in love with an entire family of maidens. They never know which one they really want to marry, until one girl, more determined than the others, steps out of the ranks and settles the question. Mr. Chesterton has recently pointed out that Charles Dickens was one of these. Young, friendless, alone in London, he was introduced into the Hogarth family, and at once adored a whole bunch of charming girls. The eldest one, who died quite young, was almost an obsession with him. All his life he "kept" her birthday, and annually mourned the day of her untimely death; while at one time he even insisted that he should be buried in the same grave. A third sister, the delightful lady who still survives, remained his faithful friend and companion till the end, taking care of his house and numerous children, and remaining unmarried. This could not have happened if the relation

between married men and their sisters-in-law had been as the promoters of the Bill desire. Many husbands, to be sure, have a rooted prejudice against "in-laws" of all sorts, and don't want them on the domestic hearth, but it is clear that if the Bill passes, family life in these islands will be greatly altered. I fear the woman is rare who will introduce as guests sisters younger and possibly prettier than herself, who would all be possible wives for her husband in case of her death or divorce.

Triumph of the Tweenie. The Tweenie and all her humble

sisters may take heart of grace, for with the revival of the drama in English villages she may yet come into her own. With her youth and possible good looks she is destined to play an important part in the drama, and consequently in life. The Tweenie is always seventeen, and it is precisely girls of that golden age who are in demand for the new revival of the theatre. In her "place" she may be buffeted about between the second footman and the under-housemaid, and compelled to undergo the ignominy of taking orders from the scullery wenches, but in the annual village play she may be Erste Liebhaberin, the persecuted heroine, or the all-conquering soubrette. A friend of mine, who devotes all her time and energies to this revival of the village theatre, writing idyllic masques and pastorals, which are performed in midsummer in an umbrageous wood, informs me that she is training her Tweenie in the rôle of the Evening Primrose. The only drawback is that the little maid has profited so well by her mistress's elocution lessons that her lightest whisper can be heard all over the house!

Advertised Love-Letters. The most casual ob-

server must long ago have been convinced that the average American woman is strangely lacking in a sense of humour—at any rate, in respect of her own proceedings and her attitude towards life. She may be witty and vivacious—and often is—about her masculine relations; but the typical American takes

herself strictly *au grand sérieux*. Wher' out in the great Republic would a bride be married, "kneeling on a tulle pillow containing seven hundred love-letters," as we are informed, by cable, happened in Pennsylvania the other day? One wonders, inanely enough, if the letters were torn up, or if they remained in hard envelopes, which "party" wrote them, or if they were the joint efforts of bride and bridegroom to express their mutual ardour. Let us hope that no billets-doux from previous admirers were adroitly slipped in to swell the imposing pile, and that this vast correspondence, so curiously advertised to the world at large, is the presage of a more modest domestic felicity.



A CHARMING MODE FOR THE MOMENT.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see "The Woman-about-Town" page.)

[Copyright.]

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

THE shops are almost exhilaratingly bright and cheerful, so fresh and springlike are the displays in the windows. Mankind receives many hints at meal-times about covetable creations. He may appear to close his ears to conversation on chiffons, and turn the talk to the lowness of Consols, but it will avail him nothing. He knows in his heart that he must loosen his purse-strings in the spring. There is a beautiful promise about the season's hats. They are so pretty off the head that we have every confidence that they will be prettier still when they reach their final destination on it. Three seasons ago, so freakish and odd was their appearance, that we put them on with misgivings, and required time to accustom ourselves to them. Now the combination of a certain odd originality in shape, with becomingness and charming floral trimmings, is successfully accomplished. It is hard to say whether the drooping brim or the straight one with a sharp uplift at one side or the other will be the most approved. Those high at the side are very stylish, the others are vastly becoming. Nowadays we are bound to no particular shape. The observance of the hall-marks of each season is all that is required.

A fashion is not necessarily the fashion, so the short, semi-fitting coat, now being made to wear with a skirt to match, need not be looked upon as the only resource for a would-be up-to-date woman. To those of stout figure such coats are not becoming, as they are inclined to shorten and widen the contour. The plaint, therefore, that everything is for the advantage of the tall and slender is only so far true that to be tall and slender is an advantage because such proportions give an air of style and dash. By no means, however, have the possessors of such figures got it all their own way. The neat little lady with a nicely rounded form will find that Dame Fashion has provided all sorts of pretty things for her, while those to whom their waist-line is ever an anxiety are provided with a variety of methods of making the best of themselves. The use of a first-rate modiste is that in such matters hers is skilled advice, and she will always do the best things for her stouter clients, if they will let her. We begin to lose our reproach that in England we can only dress smart figures. The smartening by dress of stouter figures is an art being cultivated by our tailors and dress-makers with a large measure of success. They are ably aided and abetted by corset-cutters, and so the sins of the flesh are not so appallingly punished as they used to be.

There is to be an adapted Empire style in hair-dressing which is giving women a good deal of anxiety in exactly matching their own locks with the little groups of curls necessary to carry out the idea. Combs, it is considered, have been rather overdone, so slides and First Consulate ornaments have come in with these little clusters of curls, which often prove bewitching. There is no particular colour in favour for hair, unless it be white, and that is desirable only when the face is fresh and smooth, in which case the whiter the hair the smarter is the effect. Red hair is not fashionable, as it was, on its own account. If the skin be of the startlingly fair kind that goes as a rule with red hair, the effect is always good. The brunette, the blonde, the blonde cendrée, and the nut-brown maid are all equally up-to-date as to the colour of their locks. Women who are finding silver threads more frequently than perhaps they wish also discover that, after all, Dame Nature knows her own business, and they are far more becoming left silver than dyed. Those who, for some reason or other, are obliged to try to keep up an appearance of being always at their prime are often a lesson to those who can do as they like, so harshly does the ever young-looking hair contrast with the heavier lines and altering contour of the face. Father Time will leave his marks; if he is permitted to do so consistently and harmoniously the effect need frighten no one. There are many ways in which they can be softened and toned. In these days when we have no old people everyone concedes that, but violent measures are not the best.

The young girl is the fashion once again. Of this there is no doubt; it has been abundantly proved at all the Lenten dances, of which there have been quite a number. Fair girls, dark girls, girls of medium colour, nothing matters save that they are fresh young girls, with a hopeful, healthful outlook on life—they get all the partners. The smart, clever, witty women who used to amuse the young fellows, to the exclusion of their juniors, go off to bridge with the men who don't dance. They accept the inevitable with grace and dignity, and no one is a hair the worse. The débutante of to-day is not dull—therein lies the secret of her success. Dull she was yesterday, and the day before; but not to-day. Wise women have encouraged their daughters to talk and take an interest in life, and the sister of several brothers is the jolliest girl of all. When youth and freshness is also bright and lively it is irresistible.

There have been lively doings in Montmartre lately. One François Jolibois, a carpenter, having quarrelled with a lady of his casual acquaintance, tried to strangle her, killed the *garçon* of the hotel, wounded the proprietor, killed a policeman, wounded an officer, a little girl who was passing in the street, and a few other people. The crowd, which is always ungrateful to its great men, wanted to lynch Jolibois on the spot, but he was protected by the comrades of the dead agent. Jolibois has every chance of escaping in the mild and uncertain clutches of the law. At the worst, he will be sent away to French Guiana, where the climate is pleasant, even if the society is a little monotonous. Then, if

he behaves nicely, he will be liberated before his time, given land to settle upon, allowed to choose a lady criminal for his wife, and will live happily and much respected ever afterwards. Think! that thoughtless, cruel crowd on the Paris Place Pigalle might have ended this promising career from the height of a lamppost just because Jolibois made a little target practice with his revolver.

RAILWAY HOLIDAY NOTES.

Excursion tickets for Easter will be issued by the South Eastern and Chatham Railway to Paris, Boulogne (where the Casino will be open), Calais, Brussels, Amsterdam, The Hague, and other Dutch towns, and Ostend. During the holidays the Continental services will run as usual. A special night service to Switzerland, via Dover, Calais, Laon and Bâle, will leave Charing Cross at 9 p.m. and Cannon Street at 9.5 p.m. on March 26; and Victoria at 8.50 p.m., Herne Hill 8.55 p.m., Charing Cross 9 p.m., and Cannon Street 9.5 p.m. on March 28. The home arrangements are ample, and include special excursions to many seaside towns, as well as day trips to such places as Gravesend (for Rossherville Gardens), Ashford, Canterbury, Deal, Tunbridge Wells, Hastings, Bexhill, Whitstable, Herne Bay, Birchington, Ramsgate, Broadstairs, Margate, Hythe, Sandgate, Folkestone, Dover. Full particulars of the Continental and home excursions, extension of time for certain return tickets, alterations in train services, etc., are given in the special holiday programme and bills.

Under the title of "The Best Route for Comfortable Travel and Picturesque Scenery," the Midland Railway Company issues for the guidance of holiday-seekers an attractive programme of Easter excursions, which consists of some thirty pages with a three-colour (red, green and black) cover suggestive of the spring season. It contains a wealth of information, prepared in a very simple form, showing at a glance where a passenger can travel to, the period for which his ticket is available, the time the train leaves, and fares, routes, etc. Cheap excursion tickets are issued every Saturday from St. Pancras and other stations. Cheap week-end tickets will be issued to the principal holiday and health resorts in England and Scotland, and will be available for return up to and including the following Tuesday, April 2, except day of issue. Saturday to Monday tickets issued on Saturday, March 30, will be available for return up to Tuesday, April 2.

The smoker who can lay claim to a cultivated palate should certainly test the virtues of Baron Mixture, a blend of rare and costly tobaccos never before imported into England. It is claimed for it that it is absolutely original, a distinct break away from the traditional pipe mixture. Messrs. Carreras, Limited, whose wares are world-famous, are responsible for it.

A day or two ago, Sir Frederick Dixon-Hartland and his co-directors of the Rover Company met to inaugurate their firm's new show-rooms in New Oxford Street. The company has been fortunate indeed in securing such excellent premises for the exhibition of their well-known motor-cars. Besides the ground floor, where thirteen complete cars occupied the floor-space on the occasion of the opening, the basement and the upper floor gave ample room for twenty-one cars of horse-powers ranging from 6-h.p. to 20-h.p., which the assembled guests inspected. The Rover Company are in a unique position in the motor-car trade, as they are the only firm that is supplying a 6-h.p., single-cylinder, two-seated motor-car complete for £100, which has been tried, and proved to be fullest value for money, and is practically without a competitor for this market. The growth of the Rover Company's business is such that the works at Coventry are constantly being enlarged, and they found it imperative to own show-rooms in London of an extensive character, so that their customers can select the 6-h.p., 8-h.p., or 16-20-h.p. cars from stock, and have only to fill up with petrol and lubricants, pay, and drive away. In addition to the new show-rooms, the Rover Company have established a garage and repair-shops in Theobald's Road.

The quaint old town of Abingdon is a favourite headquarters for lovers of the Upper Thames and its beauty spots, but it has attractions other than the river. A visitor to the place might almost imagine himself back in the quiet old fragrant days of the true individualist in work and art by spending an afternoon at the mills of the Abingdon Carpet Manufacturing Company, Limited. Merely signing the visitors' book secures this privilege. The actual looms upon which the carpets are woven or upon which the dainty "Isis" rush-matting is threaded are in themselves comparatively primitive affairs; just sufficient of the "machine" to help rather than hinder the artistic individuality of the man in control. We have mentioned "Isis" rush-matting; this is a floor-covering of a simple and tasteful character, made from rushes growing in the River Isis, and threaded with twine of various colours that blend with the hues of the rushes themselves. There are the "Ruskin" carpet, hand-woven in design by some of the leading craftsmen of the day, excellent in texture and colours; "Windsor Pile," "Axminster," "Grecian," the "Abingdon Cord Stair-Carpet," "Cord" squares, "Beam" rugs, mats, and cocoanut-fibre matting. The company, in addition, supply serges, quilts, blankets, etc. Those interested should write for an illustrated handbook, seventh edition (and if desired a copy of the "Borough Guide" will be sent free to intending visitors who name this paper), direct to the Abingdon Carpet Manufacturing Company, Limited, Abingdon-on-Thames.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on March 25.

GOVERNMENT SUPPORT FOR CONSOLS.

HANDS of holy horror we were wont to raise at the idea of the Russian Government supporting their own market. Nobody said a word, though, at our own Treasury mopping up Consols at the rate of half a million pounds per fortnight early in March. Who are we to criticise either operation? Out of the latter transaction this will come: to wit, a pronounced scarcity of stock when people do begin to buy Consols. The market is being steadily denuded of floating supply: you mean to say this is not a very telling factor in the market's near future? We begin to think that Consols are worth while taking up, as an investment. The stiffness of money casts doubt upon an early and substantial improvement in the price of stock, but when the financial tyranny of Wall Street is overpast we shall have Consols go to 90 again; see if we don't. We admit that they may touch 83 first.

GILT-EDGED YIELDS.

Would you have 3 per cent. on your money with absolute security? Consols pay but a shilling or two less. Or must you have 3½ per cent.? Irish Land and Transvaal Threes return very nearly that amount, and both stocks have the guarantee of the British Government. You hanker, maybe, for 3½ per cent.? Then India offers her stocks to yield all but this interest. We make no allowance, be it noted, for income tax. All these securities will move upon the same plane. Consols are not likely to be good if Indias are flat, and vice versa. But for the pick of the bunch, we fancy India Threes. A popular stock with the public, too; less likely to be disturbed by new issues than are similar stocks of the L.C.C., the Water Board, and other home bodies. Buy India Threes.

YANKEES.

As well try to dogmatise about Yankees as to punch the head of a comet. The arguments on both sides are becoming fairly familiar by this time. Hark at one of them—"Unions pay 10 per cent., therefore they must obviously be dirt cheap." Then the other side replies—"Such dividends are paid largely out of profits derived from holdings in other companies; write off the necessary depreciation on account of the slump, and where's your 10 per cent. coming from?" The bucket-shops sail in with imploring advice to give call-money on options. Don't gamble, we advise. Canadas to take up are pretty safe for 200 again. Missouri shares are cheap on the excellent traffics and the line's prospects. Atchisons have a fine chance of advancing. But keep off mere speculation, else you will lose money for a certainty.

KAFFIRS AS IN A GLASS.

There is a touch of humour in the injured-innocence air assumed by the Kaffir Circus in regard to the Yankee smash. Kaffirs seem to think that if only they had been untrammelled by liquidation consequent upon the Wall Street crisis, something like a boomlet would have been stirred up. We doubt it; respectfully venture to doubt it. However, General Botha is proving himself a useful asset to the market; he is turning out so much less badly than pessimism expected, and on the labour question even the most pro-Chinese admits that the new Transvaal Premier is "sound." There is a kicking tendency about the Kaffir Circus which appears to show that the market is not dead yet. Possibly for scalping quick profits, the bull side is the better. The situation is just in that state which causes one to offer the negative suggestion that the present is not the time to sell. Too much uncertainty still clogs the outlook for one to feel very definite about Kaffirs. One reads the market as in a glass, darkly.

THE NEW COMPANIES BILL.

That company law wants overhauling is a commonplace which is known to everybody, but whether time will be found this year to pass the measure which the Government has introduced we very much doubt. Three things are badly wanted, and are dealt with in the proposed Act. (1) Debentures in cases when registration is not now necessary will have to be registered, so that trade creditors will only have themselves to thank if they find the assets swept away by mortgagees. (2) Shares will be capable of issue at a discount if proper disclosure is made. (3) An annual summary in the shape of a balance-sheet (not a profit-and-loss account) will have to be filed by all Companies and be open to inspection. These three improvements will be of the utmost advantage both to the public and to the shareholders of honest Companies, and the wonder is that they have not been enacted long ago. If the House of Commons can be induced to let the Bill go through without amendment, we may really have a useful measure.

TRUST COMPANIES' DEBENTURES.

Among recent new issues an unusual feature has been the appearance of the prospectus of Debenture Stocks of two Financial Trust Companies. The River Plate and General Investment Trust Company invited applications for £150,000 of 4 per cent. Debenture Stock at par, and the Government Stock and Other Securities Investment Company for £200,000 of 4½ per cent. Second Debenture Stock. Both issues were fully underwritten. It cannot be said that a favourable opportunity was chosen for making these issues, but the mere fact that it was possible to make them at all at such a time is an indication of the strong position of all the leading Trust Companies. It is, of course, the holders of the Deferred stocks who benefit from the issue of Debentures, for the Directors are able to invest the proceeds at 5 per cent. or more, and the balance of income, after paying the Debenture interest, goes to swell the profits available for

the Deferred stocks. But for those investors who require 3½ to 4 per cent. with absolute security, few better investments could be found than the Debenture stocks of the leading Financial Trust Companies. In all cases the Debenture interest is covered many times over, and in almost every case the balance over and beyond the sum required to pay the Debenture interest has increased considerably in the last ten years. It is true that, in common with all first-rate investments returning a fixed rate of interest, the market price of these stocks is lower now than it was ten years ago. At the end of this letter I have added a table giving the highest price touched in 1897 of a few typical stocks, and it will be seen that there has been an average depreciation of 9½ per cent. in the ten years. But in the same time there has been a depreciation in Trustee securities of something like 25½ per cent. In other words, anyone who had invested £1000 in these Trust Companies' Debenture stocks ten years ago would now hold stock worth £50, and would have received in the interval an annual income of about £35, while £1000 invested in 1897 in Trustee securities would now be worth in the market only £745, and the annual income during the ten years would have been only £26. Can it be wondered at that, in face of facts like this, people are inclined to fight shy of Trustee securities, with their boasted safety?

	Highest in 1897.	Present Price.	Depreciation per cent.
American Investment Trust 4 p.c. Deb.	121	105	13
Bankers' Investment Trust 4 p.c. Deb.	117½	104	11
British Investment Trust 4 p.c. Deb.	110¾	105	5½
Foreign, American, and General 4 p.c. Deb.	118½	105	11
Industrial and General 3½ p.c. Deb.	105	93	11
Investment Trust Corporation 4 p.c. Deb.	108½	103	5
Mercantile Investment and Gen. 4 p.c. Deb.	118½	106	10½
Average depreciation			9½ p.c.
Great Western Railway 4 p.c. Deb.	158½	118	25
London and North-Western Con. 4 p.c. Pref.	154½	113	25½
Midland 2½ p.c. Perp. Pref.	93½	69	26
Average depreciation			25½ p.c.

March 16, 1907.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING SHARES.

In several instances the price of electric supply shares is lower than it was before the great triumph of the Municipal Reformers. Though a slight hint of improvement stirred the list at first, the rise was rapidly lost, and the former low-level restored. Yet the market rejoices at the abandonment of the London County Bill for the establishment of a municipal centre from which all electric current would have to be drawn; and the hope is that the Companies themselves will get a Bill through Parliament, whereby the same object as the County Council aimed at will be obtained in another way—for the benefit of the Companies, of course. Had the electric lighting industry been in a position to take advantage of such a change in the outlook, we should doubtless have seen the market assume a very different complexion; but, unhappily, the batch of reports and accounts presented at the end of last month contained little that was encouraging to the general investor. Decreased dividends were declared in too many instances for the market to be able to receive consolation, and until conditions change again, to the brighter side of things, prices in this department can hardly hope to recover.

Saturday, March 16, 1907.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

HEATHER.—Both concerns are speculations. There seem reasonable prospects of better prices in each case, so we should not realise at present.

BRITISHER.—The concern you mention is a builder's business, and liable to heavy fluctuations. To do what you propose is to run great risks. Probably no shares are bought. No doubt the bucket-shop has an option on a big parcel of shares, and, relying on this, merely pockets your margin. If the price goes down the margin is all profit; if it goes up the option saves them from loss.

BOBO.—You could go to law with the people who advised you to take the shares or with the Company for misrepresentation, and if you proved your case you would get a judgment for the money lost; but if you failed to prove it you would incur costs to the extent of several hundred pounds. *Cui bono?*

A. E. F.—We never write private letters except in accordance with Rule 5. The Company is doing very well, but at present prices the shares are decidedly speculative.

NOVEMBER.—No price, and as far as we know no possibility of a sale; but we will make further inquiries, and if we can find any value for the shares let you know next week.

H. H. S.—We would rather not advise (as we have been so wrong over these shares) until we hear the explanations given at the meeting, which is in a day or so.

M. B.—(1) The railway is in Brazil, and the shares are a good speculative purchase. (2) We do not expect the Africans will go much lower. (3) No.

B. E. H.—The concern was badly subscribed, and if you can sell it will probably be the cheapest way out of the mess.

Z. H. P. (Switzerland).—(1) Managed by very clever people—too clever by half. (2) A mere adjunct to the bucket-shop. (3) See this week's Notes. (4) We expect the Kaffirs will go better, but as yet there is very little sign of public support.

JOY.—Yes.

HANOVER.—If it is your income you are nervous about, there is no need to worry. The whole of your stocks are absolutely safe, and have fallen because the value of money has increased. Your income is as safe to-day as it ever was. We do not think capital-values will go worse.

DELTA.—No. The security would not be good enough for our money.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Lincoln I think Pastry will win the Brocklesby Stakes; Diary the Welbeck Plate; and Nurang the Doddington Plate. The fields will not be large at Liverpool, but the sport will be good. For the Grand National I fancy Eremon. The other events may be won by some of the following: Stanley Steeplechase, The Sheikh; March Plate, Opal; Union Jack Stakes, Sheffield; Spring Cup, Succour; Molyneux Stakes, Zagloba; Stand Welter, Vardon; West Derby Stakes, Sanseverino; Thursby Handicap, Alcanzor; Sefton Park Plate, Counterfeit; Hylton Handicap, Tozer; Bridgeman Handicap, Ambition; Liverpool Hurdle, Savernake; Champion Steeplechase, Selsdon Prince.

THE EASTER HOLIDAYS: RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS.

FOR the Easter holidays, the Great Western Railway have compiled an extensive list of trips for periods varying from half a day to a fortnight, a special feature being made of cheap excursions for the Thursday and Saturday to Monday holiday. The official publication, entitled "Holiday Haunts," which gives a list of apartments and farmhouse and hotel accommodation available for visitors at the various centres, has now been issued, and the Superintendent of the Line, Paddington Station, will send a copy post free on receipt of threepence in stamps.

The London and North Western Railway Company have arranged a very full programme of cheap excursions, comprising bookings to the principal provincial towns, North, South, and Central Wales, the Cambrian Coast, the Lake District, Blackpool, Isle of Man, Scotland and Ireland. Additional express trains will be run, and special arrangements made in connection with the London and North Western passenger services for the Easter holidays. Passengers wishing to obtain tickets can do so at any time on the day prior to the starting of the trains, and so avoid delay at the stations.

Warm and sunny, the South or West is excellent for an early Easter, and those who are in search of a spot particularly immune from sudden changes of temperature should remember the claims of the numerous seaside resorts to be found between the Isle of Wight on the one hand and Exmouth on the other, all of which are easily reached by the excellent train service of the London and South Western Railway. Every possible arrangement for the comfort and convenience of their passengers has been made by the London and South Western Company, who announce special cheap period excursions from London (Waterloo Station) to Ilfracombe, Lynton, Bideford (for Westward Ho!), Exeter, Tavistock and Okehampton (for Dartmoor), Plymouth, Launceston, Bude, Padstow, Wadebridge, Newquay, Sidmouth, Exmouth, Budleigh Salterton, Seaton, Lyme Regis, Burnham, Yeovil, Salisbury, Weymouth, Swanage, Bournemouth, the New Forest, Totland Bay, Ventnor, Cowes, Ryde, Sandown, Shanklin, Southampton, Portsmouth, Winchester, etc. Programmes giving full particulars of special arrangements and excursions for the Easter holidays can be obtained at the company's offices, or from Mr. Henry Holmes, Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station, S.E.

It is now quite the fashion to flit across the Channel to Dieppe, Rouen, or Paris for Easter, and to enable the journey to be per-

formed economically the Brighton Railway Company have arranged to run a special fourteen-day excursion via the Newhaven-Dieppe Royal Mail Route, through the charming scenery of Normandy and the Valley of the Seine. The tickets will be issued on Thursday, March 28, by the morning express Service, also by the express night service on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings, March 27, 28, 29, and 30. Special cheap return tickets to Dieppe will be issued from March 28 to April 1, available for return on any day up to and including the following Tuesday.

To the vast numbers who, with jaded nerves and flagging energies, are seeking resuscitation in the way of restful and health-giving change from the activities of City life during the ensuing Easter recess, the A.B.C. Easter Programme just issued by the Great Central Railway Company will strongly appeal. Within its covers are conveniently tabulated an almost unlimited choice of resorts suitable for all tastes and requirements. On Wednesday, March 27, excursion facilities are announced to over sixty Irish ports and inland towns. The arrangements for Thursday, March 28, cover nearly 250 seaside and inland resorts extending through the Midland counties, Yorkshire, Lancashire, Lincolnshire, North-east and North-west coasts, and the North of England generally. Copies of this comprehensive publication may be obtained at Marylebone Station, the company's suburban stations, town offices or agencies, or from Publicity Department, 216, Marylebone Road.

The Great Northern Railway Company's Easter programme this year contains an extensive and varied list of facilities for holiday-makers, and includes excursions to all the principal stations in the Norfolk, Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, Yorkshire, Derbyshire, Staffordshire, Lancashire, and North Eastern districts, and to Scotland. Copies of the programme can be obtained on application at any of the company's stations or offices, or from the Chief Passenger Agent, King's Cross Station, London, N.

For visiting Holland and Germany during the Easter holidays the Great Eastern Railway Company's British Royal Mail Hook of Holland route offers exceptional facilities. Passengers leaving London in the evening, and the Northern and Midland Counties in the afternoon, arrive at the chief Dutch cities the following morning. From the Hook of Holland, through carriages and restaurant-cars run in the North and South German express trains to Cologne, Bâle and Berlin, reaching Cologne at noon, Bâle and Berlin in the evening. Special tickets at reduced fares have been arranged by the Harwich-Antwerp route for passengers wishing to visit Brussels, for the Field of Waterloo.

(See also our "Woman-About-Town" page.)

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